THE
INTERNATIONAL
CROSBY CIRCLE

BING

BING CROSBY, the world's best loved entertainer, died .....

THE MAN THEY ALL LOVED

Just a quiet stroll to the 18th hole . .

farewell

NO 48

Edited by REG BRISTO

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With the decease of Bing it would be idle to deny that our mainspring has gone.....but the keenest intention of us, and our members, is to carry on, savouring, remembering and indeed researching the career of the greatest entertainer the world has known.

Grateful acknowledgements to the sources of many of our features in this issue. Equally grateful acknowledgements to our own exclusive contributors.

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"...words fails me. I feel I have lost my dad all over again..."

B. W. Fitter (Edgbaston, Birmingham)

"...and let us be pleased that the whole world has endorsed what we have been saying for so long - Bing was very, very special..."

Stan Hobbs (Morden, Surrey)

"...a statue should be erected in his memory in every city of the world, for as Bob Hope said - 'He crossed all frontiers'.....

Arthur Smart (Carlisle Western Australia)

"...many artists - lesser artists - have proclaimed they would like to finish while still at the top... whenever Bing died he would have done just that..."

Alf Golding (Warley, West Midlands)

"...I had an uneasy feeling since the accident in March....but this was dispelled at the Palladium...

Maurice Chantry (Beckenham, Kent)

"I caught the show at Manchester...Bing was in great voice - but it was all too obvious that his back was giving him trouble. I for one will be surprised if his condition allows him to complete the two weeks in London....."

Tom O'Connor (Newton Mearns, Glasgow...)

"....when I think of the happiness he has given to countless millions I consider him a saint - I too am a Catholic - and he lived a good, clean, life - even in the entertainment world...."

R. Smith-Pilling, (Warton, Preston)

"BING STILL RULES - OK?"

Gil McKee (Bangor, Co. Down)

"...I heard and saw it on the television... I switched it off - they'd got it wrong....it glared at me from the papers next morning..But how can you believe what they print? I played some records...and Bing was still here....." As he will always be...

Anon.

But, of course, they hadn't got it wrong....the blow fell on October 14, 1977; that which some of us had been secretly dreading and realised was inevitable had happened. But, how to take it in? A lifetime's companion had abruptly departed this life. Soon the letters were flooding in: You've already seen some snatches. Easily the most-used phrase was "....like losing a member of the family...." or "things will never be the same again...."

Others, thoughtfully, said: "I don't envy you having to compile the next issue of BING....."

And it is indeed a daunting task. Of one thing we are certain - sentimental slush is not the order of the day - we'll strive to that end but can offer no guarantee.

When a man has well passed the three-score-years-and ten milestone Biblically allotted us one must be prepared for his demise. It is always, always, a melancholy event but is recognised to be the normal, natural, progression in this mortal world.

So why did such a shock-wave of absolute dismay and profound sorrow pass over the entire world when news was received of the death of Bing Crosby? Furthermore, why was it that at the death of a man whom millions had never met, much less rubbed shoulders with, there was this acute sense of personal loss?

Rhetorical questions, of course. We all well know the answers...

We did not really conceal, in the last issue of BING, that many of us were dumbfounded when, after Bing's very serious fall at Pasadena earlier in the year (and all the more serious because of his age) it was announced that not only would Bing carry out a two-week season at the London Palladium but would also fulfill a number of Provincial dates.

And with some modification to plans, carry out this arduous programme Bing certainly did. And in an incredibly vital way - tho' there were those among us who noted a new frailty, the face even more finely drawn - and a real fatigue when he finally emerged to get into his limousine after the concerts. And the last - and proved to be his absolute final - concert took place at Brighton before the usual rapturous audience (of 5000 this time), all thrilled - and charmed - at his astonishing performance.

Four days later, on a golf-course in Spain where he had just completed a victorious, complete match (mark that) Bing died.....died, perhaps, where he would have chosen

- That was why the shock was so profound. It was so, at that point, completely unexpected.

Whether or not one had had one's life ambition of shaking Bing by the hand and thanking him for a lifetime of pleasure fulfilled, or whether one had seen Bing only on the screen - large or small - or heard his records over countless years, the interviews he so generously gave over his long career, it was another of Bing's astounding - and completely unique - attributes that he projected an impression of friendliness, great understanding and utmost integrity.

All this in addition to his wondrous talents.

That was the reason for the profound sorrow; why we all felt we had truly lost a member of our own family.

These answers are incomplete, of course. They do not tell the full story of Bing Crosby, But, can anyone tell it? Bing the singing innovator who revolutionised the art of popular singing - surely the most non-militant revolutionary the world has seen?

Bing who had such a long, full and honourable life in the notoriously "upside-down" world of show-business, much of it indeed in the tinsel-like artificial world of Hollywood yet remained untouched, unsullied, untarnished in any way at all. The "upside-down" aspects of that world were a million light-years away from Bing Crosby throughout his long, long, lustrous career.

Bing, the man who inspired millions of memories; the man who enhanced the good times and softened the bad ones for so many of us.

"....just when we were beginning to think Bing was immortal.." read yet another letter. Well, in a sense, he is. Thanks to the miracle of recorded sound and film, Bing will continue to be with us. Now, perhaps, more than ever.....

In a TV interview shewn in the North - and undertaken within a few hours of the sad news when it was still being absorbed - your Editor pondered on the future of the International Crosby Circle . This was only seen, it is understood, by members living northwards - and they were quick to assure us, with almost everyone else, that now more than ever the Circle must certainly carry on.

It was pointed out that there is still so much to savour, to dwell upon, indeed to research, in the fabulous career of Bing that we have a considerable part to play. And we're delighted as well as reassured. We aim to play that part.....

THERE ARE MANY MORE MEMBERS' LETTERS LATER ON: AT THIS PARTICULAR TIME IT SEEMS VERY FITTING THIS SHOULD BE SO. AND IT IS NO REFLECTION ON ON OTHER WRITERS THAT THE FOLLOWING, from DICK PEARSON, 45 Park View Rd., LONDON, N.17 SEEMS NOT ONLY TO STRIKE A LOT OF CHORDS BUT SAYS IT ALL MOST APPROPRIATELY:

> How unutterably sad and tragic that the grim reaper should deprive us of our beloved Bing when he virtually had the world at his feet once more. And yet, what a supreme way to finish, back on top where he truly always belonged.
>
> These are indeed sad times, not only for me, for you, for all the membership, for Bing's own family and friends, but for the whole universe.
>
> We shall never see his like again. That is certain.
>
> I was sure myself that Bing seemed to be picking up all the time, having been to the first night at the Palladium and then again on his closing night there. He had begun to add more in movement and also in song. THE WAY WE WERE and QUANDO CALIENTE were additionals from the first night and, overall, he seemed in much better spirits. This, allied to the sensational Brighton appearance left us all so totally unprepared for that dread announcement when it came.
>
> A certain scribe said that the world had twice prepared itself for the worst, and he was right. But this time, apart from the fact that we all knew Bing was by no means a young man and would have to go sooner or later, there was not the slightest hint of the tragedy that lay ahead. Doubtless, many will say the tour was an exhausting one and proved, in the event, too much. Well, perhaps they are right, but my own feeling is that it was his first love, the game of golf, that took him in the end. You will remember that in the letter Bing wrote me in the summer that he thought he would have to finish with golf. He was obviously determined to play again if he could. Perhaps he was ill-advised to do so. Nevertheless, he must have died a contented man for I am certain that the great and splendid success of his British tour meant a very great deal to him.
>
> I sincerely hope, Reg, that you feel that you can continue with your own greatly valued club activities, although things can never be quite the same now. There will probably be a fall off in membership, if not immediate, then over the next year or so. News and views will, by the very nature of things, be confined to album release and discussion, discographical research - but then, for most of us, this will be nothing new for it is only since Ken Barnes' involvement recordwise and the fine personal appearances that we have had a great deal to shout about. And should we all most certainly did.
>
> But then, here was a man worth shouting about....
>
> Dick.

Which as I suggested above, speaks volumes and I'm obliged to Dick Pearson for his commonsense assessment of the position. Actually, Bing's demise

has indeed led to a sharp increase in membership and to those new members we extend a warm welcome to the world of Crosbyana, albeit in the sad circumstances we are endeavouring to do justice to in this, their first sight of BING.

One can only reflect that if Bing's whole career, right from the day he set out from Spokane with Al Rinker in the old "banger", has been quite unmatched, and unmatchable, surely the last three years set the seal on his lustrous life of pleasing and entertaining the world - with especial reference to Britain.

Bing's place in our hearts was assured for many of us by the mid-'Thirties! Just try and imagine that astonishing thought. His wonderful songs, delightful films had thus early secured for him a niche from which he was never to depart - and far from falling back on his early, sensational, debut he seemed to go on and on, from success to success. Nobody once under the Crosby spell ever found it waning....indeed, that magic got even more powerful as the years rolled by.

And roll by the years certainly did - the 'Forties, the 'Fifties, the 'Sixties and then into the wondrous 'Seventies! Even we, immersed in Bing's lustrous life, sometimes have to stand back a little and try and take in just how fabulous it really has been.

> True, there were times when Bing seemed to have tired, to have had enough. The scene went slightly quiet on occasion; but then there would be a tremendous new album, a fabulous re-issue (such as, for example, the 15-album set BING'S HOLLYWOOD - an entirely unique issue, incidentally - or a film...then television and Bing went on and on, possibly to the despair of some of the pretenders to his throne! But they were presumptuous: we know more than ever now that there was, and could be, only one Bing.

But to return to the last three years which did indeed seem such a tremendous resurgence of the already-fabled Crosby career. In those three years, at an age when most entertainers (and certainly singers) have settled for carpet slippers and the fireside to live on their memories, Bing embarked upon what might easily be termed a brand-new career! And it began, as we all know, with an extremely serious lungoperation! In those three years of tremendous activity, Bing suffered two physical blows which would certainly have incapacitated much younger men....

And this new career involved recording sessions - in LONDON! Television shows, and most of all, those truly sensational stage appearances. It does seem now that Bing, on finding himself recovering from that lung trouble, decided he would at last do what, perhaps, he had always meant to do. Show himself to many hundreds of thousands of admirers - in the flesh, as it were. And while we are sure this never occurred to him - to prove once and for all if anyone was in doubt, that he was indeed the greatest of them all.

And no sooner was this "new" career in full flow that he suffered that incredible fall at Pasadena last March..... Despite that, despite our forebodings, he still came back here and thrilled thousands more who had never really thought they would see the incredible Bing Crosby on stage.

And that wasn't all, of course. In between times he was singing, whistling, and playing around all our famous golf-courses; dropping in unexpectedly in country pubs, shooting on the Yorkshire moors, donating playing fields and popping up goodness knows where!

Now we can only ponder: would the tragedy of October 14, 1977 have occurred just the same if Bing HAD stayed at home, inactive, comfortable..reflecting? We'll never know of course. But as Dick Pearson pointed out above, Bing must

have left Britain a very, very happy man assured and reassured that his hordes of admirers here showed no sign at all of forgetting the man who had cheered them thro' their lives. Used as he was to adulation - more than 50 years of it in fact - this last, and what proved to be the final, appearance must have impressed Bing in tremendous fashion. And we're so delighted, and thankful, that it happened that way.

Bing had, clearly, got more and more Anglophile as the years went by but while we often had it in mind that Bing might, incredibly, decide to settle here we felt equally certain Bing was too proud of his American heritage and birth to ever do that. And yet, it seems he was moving that way. Perhaps you did not see the following letter that appeared in THE SUNDAY TIMES a couple of Sundays after his death:

"BING'S LOVE FOR BRITAIN:

In your tribute to Bing Crosby (the Arts, last week) Michael Parkinson spoke of Bing's increasing love for Britain. As an American who lives here and has been with Bing a lot during his visits of the past years, I can vouch for this.

Bing fully intended to spend an increasing amount of his time in England and Scotland. On his last full day in England I drove him to Kent to pick up an English friend, Bill Tillman, and to play a small golf course that had been advertised for sale. Bing's idea, if he liked it, was to buy it and improve it and spend some time living in the house that went with it.

He told me he wanted to create a good course open to everyone and easy enough to give pleasure to high handicappers, the vast majority of golfers. He was critical of the increasing length of modern courses and felt their difficulty turned the ordinary man away from the game.

Next morning, on his way to his flight in Spain, where he died the following day, he phoned me to remind me that I was to keep looking for a two-bedroom flat he might buy or rent unfurnished in London "not in a fashionable district, but it must be quiet! If you can find something, I can look at it when I come back for the Jubilee Show (Lord Grade's) next month; and can start spending more time over here from next year". He added that his wife Kathryn shared this wish. "She blows hot and cold but she really loves London and goes, goes, goes from morning to night seeing everything."

JAMES NOLAN,
(London, S.W.13.)

Well, it cannot happen now - but it was obviously quite definite - and a most exciting prospect. And it confirms beyond any doubt Bing's reciprocal love for Britain - and her "civil" people, as he referred to them in one of his last television interviews. It would have seemed so right for Bing to live here.....

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on the previous page, four lines from the bottom, please read "shout" and not "should" at the conclusion of Dick Pearson's letter.

The following letter was sent to Mrs. Crosby:

Dear Mrs. Crosby - Kathryn and family,

It is the fervent wish of all our members that I write to you on their behalf as well as my own to convey our profound condolences on the irreparable loss you have suffered. It is quite impossible to describe the shock of dismay and profound sympathy that has swept across Britain on the tragic news.

A typical remark to be heard on all sides is "...it's like losing a member of the family..." This may be understandable presumptuousness for only you and the children can really feel that, but perhaps it does help to illustrate the enormous respect, affection, and admiration that went to Bing in unstinted measure from this side of the Atlantic.

Bing has left a legacy of millions of happy memories; it is some consolation to know that the sound of his so-familiar voice, and thro' that voice, his delightful personality, will continue to be with us. Truly Bing can never be forgotten and it seems that this feeling is not confined to one section of the population but young and old seemed to have keenly felt this sense of loss.

There are consolations if this tragic thing had to happen, as you seemed to indicate in the news report we saw which showed you saying that for a golfer who sang to die on a golf-course seemed a happy circumstance. We are particularly consoled that in the last weeks of his lustrous life Bing was in Britain giving tremendous pleasure to the people he always said he loved and valued.

We are certain, too, that those weeks reinforced in Bing's mind the conviction that he was indeed loved and revered here. Bing cannot be forgotten, ever.

We also noted your suggestion regarding the absence of floral tributes, due mainly to lack of time. In our next issue of BING we will make the suggestion that donations be made to HM The Queen's Jubilee Appeal Fund.

With deepest sympathy
and on behalf of all members,

17.10.77 REG BRISTO.

An announcement appears elsewhere in this issue on the question of donations as indicated above as to where to send them. An independent trustee has been appointed to receive all such donations and to forward them, when complete, on behalf of The International Crosby Circle to the appropriate authority.

BING'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO MEMBERS

by JOHN BASSETT + + + +

With Bing in London and Christmas not all that far away, it was a sensible move on John's part to obtain the annual message from him rather than let him get back to the States and then put him to the trouble...we couldn't know it would be perhaps Bing's last recorded message. We're certain, however, that members want to read it:

RECORDING BING FOR THE ICC

Seated in his private flat in London, Bing had just recounted the story of his Christmas TV show. With the tape still running, and with microphone in hand, he looked up at Wally Oldfield and myself and said: "It seems to me to be very amusing - but these two gentlemen here don't find it a bit amusing! The worst audience I've ever worked for!" At that, we burst into laughter for we had remained quiet and unobtrusive whilst Bing recorded his 1977 Christmas message for the ICC

A week prior to this private recording session, I had received a handwritten letter from Bing, asking me to telephone him at the flat in order to arrange a date for the taping. I rang him on Saturday, October 1st, and also spent some time chatting to Alan Fisher, Bing's buter - and discovering Alan's endearing personality. Amongst other things, however, he surprised me by confessing that he doesn't own a single Crosby record!

The appointed day duly arrived and I invited Wally Oldfield (Rayleigh, Essex) to accompany me and my 2½-year-old son to Bing's private residence. This was Wally's first meeting with Bing and he was honoured to be there in an "official" capacity as my recording engineer!

Bing proved extremely co-operative and made the 6-minute tape which is fully transcribed below. Following this he recorded a one-minute greeting for the ICC's meeting scheduled for Leeds a few days hence. Time was against us then, however, and Bing had to depart for the Palladium soon after we left. But not before agreeing to pose for photographs and to sign records!

Here is Bing's message:

Hello, this is Bing, speaking from Chester Square up in London, where we've spent the past two or three weeks while working here at the ATV studio and also at the Palladium, up in Manchester and in Preston. Monday we go down to Brighton and then we go home.

I think we have rather a nice Christmas show this year. The idea's rather unique. I can tell you briefly about it. I get a cable from a long lost relative of mine, signed Percy Crosby, inviting the Crosby family to come to England and spend the Christmas season with him in his castle outside of London. So, of course, we accept. This is the story of the Christmas show - I hope you don't believe I'm telling you all this as an actual fact! Anyhow, this is the story.....we arrive and its a beautiful home. Of course, the butler who greets us is Stanley Baxter

playing Hudson. He also plays Mrs. Bridges and Rose, and he runs the house, so we have all kinds of jokes with him and songs and one thing and another. Then my long-lost relative who I didn't know I had, Sir Percival Crosby, turns out to be Ron Moody, and he has adopted all my mannerisms, all my habits, my way of talking and my way of singing. Then he speaks about a ghost he's had in the house of a long dead court jester who passed away two hundred years ago in that very house, and I say "Well, that's really incredible." Then there's a puff of smoke and Stanley Baxter appears as Bob Hope in the cap and bells and all the paraphernalia of the court jester.

We've also got Twiggy, who I think is a singularly appealing young lady. She has a lot of charm. She'll never get rid of that Cockney accent but I think that's part of her charm, part of her appeal. She's a good little actress, knows her lines, and always on time. Also we have the Trinity Boys Choir from Croydon - a remarkable choir, and then we have a special added guest, Mr. David Bowie. You may think it strange for David Bowie to be appearing with an ancient like me in a programme to celebrate Christmas, because I guess that David Bowie's always been known for rock - hard rock - or whatever. In fact, I guess he's one of the best. But in this show he appears clean-shaven; he and I sing a duet, he sings a solo, we play a little scene and I think he's wonderful and a very nice young man. So...there you have it.

I've told you all about the Christmas show, and we're going home now. I may stop over in Spain for a little shooting and then go home to do a show to be produced by the same people, Hamian and Smith, celebrating the 50th Anniversary of Kraft Cheese Corporation in their participation of radio and television. They're going to use all the people that are around now and that were around then, and I'm to be compere for that thing.

We had planned a trip to Japan but it just seemed too much to do, and too tight - I have to get back here on the 21st (Nov) for the Queen's Jubilee, which I may tell you is going to be a massive production. Lord Grade was over here for tea the other day and he told me the cast he has. I don't know how he's going to get them all on the stage, or get the show over before dawn...because every important person, practically, that I've ever heard of is in the show. Bob Hope is going to be the compere but I don't think he'll stay on his feet that long. I'll probably have to help him out. Its going to be a big show; they're going to raise an awful lot of money and from the show they will tape a television show which will be seen all over England, the United States and, in fact, internationally. So that brings you fairly well up to date on my activities.

I've been playing a little golf in spite of the accident. Just hitting the ball easy, going out to Sunningdale and Wentworth and Mill Hill, and other courses that are close to the city. I have to walk three or four miles a day, that's part of the therapy, and its a lot less boring if you can roll a ball along the ground while you're walking. So that's why I play golf....

This afternoon I found myself afflicted with a head cold. I have to do the show tonight so I don't know how that's going to come out. I'll probably sing 'Asleep on the Deep'!

I WANT TO WISH ALL OF YOU THE BEST GREETINGS OF THE SEASON, AND OF THE YEAR TO COME. LOOKS LIKE ENGLAND'S

ON THE UPGRADE NOW. THINGS ARE HAPPENING THAT ARE BENEFICIAL TO THE COUNTRY'S ECONOMY. IF THEY CAN JUST STRAIGHTEN OUT THE LABOUR PROBLEMS, THE UNION PROBLEMS, THE IMMIGRANT PROBLEMS, AND ALL THE PROBLEMS THAT BESET THEM, I THINK ITS STILL GOING TO BE ONE OF THE GREATEST COUNTRIES IN THE WORLD - STILL MY FAVOURITE COUNTRY, AND MY FAVOURITE TOWN IS LONDON.

SO I WISH YOU ALL A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A VERY, VERY PROSPEROUS AND SUCCESSFUL NEW YEAR.

Editor: What a tremendous, typically Bing message! And putting beyond doubt how he felt about Britain. There are poignant moments, naturally, as for example "...I may stop over in Spain for a little shooting..." And as always, Bing is so kind and generous to young artists - especially seeming to appreciate that some of us might raise our eyebrows at the inclusion of David Bowie.

Otherwise, the show seems like a "send-up" (if we may use the contemporary phrase of the British TV success - UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS, and with Stanley Baxter and Ron Moody, assured of some hilarious moments.

BUT FAR AND AWAY THE MOST IMPORTANT THING ABOUT THIS LAST MESSAGE OF BING'S TO THE ICC IS THAT, WITH HIS ENTHUSIASM FOR GETTING BACK HERE FOR THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE, PLUS OUR KNOWLEDGE THAT HE HAD ASKED A FRIEND TO FIND HIM A HOME, BING HAD ABSOLUTELY NO INKLING, HE HAD NO INNER PRESENTIMENT, OF WHAT LAY ALMOST IMMEDIATELY AHEAD OF HIM.

AND FOR THAT, SURELY, WE CAN ONLY BE TRULY THANKFUL.....

Our thanks and congratulations to John Bassett for obtaining this fine - and now historic - message for us, not forgetting Wally Oldfield.

AND MEMBERS will be pleased, and perhaps relieved, to know that Bing was very happy to receive a copy of the LP-ography the ICC produced earlier this year. In a handwritten note to John Bassett, one of the co-authors of course, he said:

"I MUST THINK THAT THIS REPRESENTS A TREMENDOUS LOT OF WORK FOR YOU AND ALL OTHERS CONCERNED. IT WILL BE VERY USEFUL TO ME FOR MANY PURPOSES."

The LPography is still available - and newer members will be particularly interested - from the Editor/Secretary, Reg Bristo, 7 Greenmeadow Close, CWMBRAN, Gwent, NP4 3NR. at £2.50p post paid. It is a 162-page volume detailing all the LP's (more than a thousand!) that feature Bing though we hastily add that he is featured on some by only one title, e.g. in medleys, collections, &c. But all his prolific LPs are there; its another sad thought, however, that now the <u>complete</u> discographies of Bing may be compiled, or easily brought up to date.

As was pointed out in the previous issue of BING, the next project - almost ready to be started - is the complete mini-discography. So-called only because it does not list all the countries/labels involved. It will, however, list every commercial track that Bing recorded. Fuller details in the next issue.

We're very glad Bing saw the LP opus, at least.

THE FINAL SESSION

Thanks to the indefatigable LESLIE GAYLOR we have a unique "you-are-there" account of what proved to be Bing's final recording session. Leslie tells the story in his own way.....

Thanks to the good offices of the ever-helpful Ken Barnes I had the very good fortune to attend what proved to be Bing's last commercial recording session spread over three days - September 12, 13 and 14 last. The venue was the CBS studios in Whitfield Street and while I have many momentous occasions to dwell on as a result of my devotion to Bing these three days must cap them all.

I arrived at the studios around 9.30 in the morning of Sept. 12 in time to see Ken parking his car and was able to enter the studios with him. This turned out to be completely deserted, though the musicians' places, stands, etc., had all been set up for the session was timed to start at 10am. Slowly the musicians began to arrive and one man I chatted to - he was setting out music - really astonished me when he revealed that he didn't know that it was Bing who was to record that morning! He turned out to be the orchestral-contractor or something of the kind. Things began to warm up and the studio got more crowded - when in walked Bing. Happily he spotted me right away: "Leslie Gaylor from the Isle of Man - no, the Isle of Wight! The place where they build the helicopters...no, wrong again..what is it you build Leslie?" And I answered "Hovercraft, Bing!" That's it, said Bing, giving me a big friendly smile as we shook hands.

> But almost immediately Bing went to his stand and seemed totally engrossed in studying the various song sheets arranged there for him.

Pete Moore was there to conduct, and he had also done the arrangements. His podium was right alongside Bing's and soon he seemed to be in close conference with him. Meanwhile I had moved into the control-room behind the glass screens and could thus hear all that was going on. And in the control-room were Ken Barnes and Steve Taylor, the brilliant 23-year-old recording engineer and his equally young assistant.

> Various other people were popping in and out as the excitement seemed to grow; one of the visitors turned out to be a very nice man named Ray Barr, pianist to Frankie Laine. He surprised me by telling me he had worked, among others, with Paul Whiteman.

Things moved a step forward when Steve Taylor started calling thro' to the various musicians over the sound-system for them to play a few notes so that he could check up on the sound-balance. This completed to his satisfaction he gave the word to Ken that all was ready to go ahead. Very shortly after this, the musicians went through the first song to be recorded - SEPTEMBER SONG.

Then immediately, Bing was ready and soon that fabulous and familiar voice was coming loud, resonant and clear thro' the magnificent 12-speaker system singing the lovely verse of SEPTEMBER SONG. There were smiles of delight all round at the lovely sound we were hearing. The Old Master in fact did a couple of 'takes' and Ken asked Bing to come into the box and listen to the playback of the song he had just recorded. Bing too liked what he heard and asked Ken if he was satisfied? Ken was immediately agreeable - so Bing got up saying "Right, next one...."

In no time at all, JUNE IN JANUARY was completed and again Bing came back to listen to his effort in the control-room; he sat next to me and it was most exciting to be with him listening to his new recording. It was time for coffee then, apparently, and we carried on with the most enjoyable chatting. I happened to mention that on the two 'takes' of JUNE IN JANUARY that Bing did in 1934 he sang "creeps" on one verse on one take - and Bing said: "Yes - and on the other I sang 'sweeps'." What a memory, I thought. But almost immediately began to wonder! We got to talking about the BING & CO album that MCA were bringing out and I explained to Bing that a couple of years ago I wrote to Chris Ellis of MCA to request that he release LET'S ALL MEET AT MY HOUSE which, although made in 1942, had never been released here. I reminded Bing that he sang along with Woody Herman and Muriel Lane on this recording.

"I've never heard of Muriel Lane," was Bing's reply!

But Ken Barnes chipped in: "If Leslie says you made the recording Bing, you did! He'll tell you what shirt you were wearing 25 years ago!" Highly flattering, I thought, tho' in that case not really true!

Bing then returned to the studio proper and proceeded to record AUTUMN IN NEW YORK. This lovely song was also taped in no time at all - and I must confess I found myself most moved after hearing the brilliant sound of the strings, then the whole orchestra, in a magnificent arrangement. What a beautiful sound, I thought - and what a joy to be alive and hear such sounds.

The final song on this first session was Charles Aznavour's YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS YOUNG. Bing, I understand, was given a cassette recording of this song to play over before he came to the studio - but he didn't do so. The orchestra, therefore, played the tune and Bing sang it twice. He got it beautifully too - except for the final eight bars.

He sang this eight bars about five times in all but he and Pete Moore were not satisfied so as it was on studio closing time Bing remarked he would finish it off on Wednesday. "If we can't do it then we'll fly Johnny Mathis in to do it!" Meaning, the eight bars of course.

Ken then gave the "okay to go" sign to the musicians who lost no time in disappearing - all forty-four of them. Bing sat down with us and proceeded to eat some biscuits while pouring coffee from his flask, remarking that he was due at the Palladium in the afternoon for a press conference. So, we gave him some help in putting on his dicky-bow tie!

Thus ended the first superb session and as Ken and I drove back to his home later in the evening we talked with much pleasure of what had been put on tape that day.

> Incidentally, during the afternoon of this first day, Sept 12, Ken Barnes produced the final recordings of a Frankie Laine session so I sat in on that; it was a pleasure to meet the pleasant - and famous - Frankie.

Next day, the 13 September - Tuesday - Ken and I were up and about early and headed for the studio again, warmly anticipating the further momentous experience we seemed to be in for... Bing arrived in most cheerful spirits. The first number was ON THE VERY FIRST DAY OF THE YEAR and remarked to Ken that it was a "nice little song - who wrote it?" "Pete (Moore) and I did," was Ken's answer.

Next Bing sang SLEIGH RIDE and IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME, ending with JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER. There were 21 musicians on this session,

and all went well, very well.

For a second night Ken and I drove to his home - to tell his wife, Anne, just how pleased we felt with the progress made. So to Wednesday, September 14. On the way to the studios Ken ruminated: "I think I'll ask Bing to do SEASONS for me again." There was, as you may recall, a good recording of this song already in hand, made in Los Angeles last Autumn but we felt we had a better sound around the voice in the London studio.

On Bing's entry on this third day, therefore, Ken said to Bing: "Are you in a charitable mood this morning Bing?" And after the feelings were explained to him he readily agreed to make a re-recording. He added, however, that he had been to a late-night party the night before and his voice wasn't in very good shape! Bing went to the coffee urn, merely for one of those plastic cups, poured some milk from the bottle and proceeded to gargle with sips of highly milky coffee and sing a few "warming-up" notes. All most intriguing!

"The bass notes are good Bing," said Ken, "but the upper register is a bit shaky!" But it was said in good fun.

This session had 18 musicians, so we seemed to be decreasing as the days went by but of course, all had been worked out as to what was required in the orchestra department. Bing proceeded to put APRIL SHOWERS "in the can" - and told us he intended to end with a little whistle. On another take he didn't whistle - but Steve Taylor, the engineer, remarked that Bing could be heard rattling coins in his pocket! High fidelity, forsooth. So, Bing had to record this song again but before doing so he took his cash out of his pockets.

Next came SUMMER WIND which was all too soon (for me) completed - and away went the musicians.

> It was then that Bing entered a small recording booth and the ending of the orchestral track of YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS YOUNG was played for him - the one he couldn't get just right on the Monday session. Bing then sang this "eight" perfectly and Ken declared it "Fine!" But, Bing insisted on doing another. And that sounded just as good.

Ken then reminded Bing that he had agreed to do SEASONS again.

"I'll do it," said Bing " - but they sound all the same to me!"

So back to the booth he went, asking for the orchestral track to be played...."Right," he said, "you've got one 'take'". And that was indeed all that was needed. Tremendous to be such a close witness to Bing's incredible artistry.

Around this time, Noel Mould, our member from Northern Ireland arrived in the studio. Noel had made arrangements with Bing and Ken for Bing to record some poems for charitable purposes. This Bing proceeded to do, and what another delight to hear Bing's beautiful speaking voice going thro' these poems. A delighted Noel received a large box of tape from Steve Taylor. An amusing aside was provided when Bing autographed a copy of the BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES album - one with a plain white label - for my local radio station, Radio Solent; Bing wrote: "To BBC Radio Solent. Hope you like it and play it....Bing Crosby". For me, he signed another cover of that album: "To Leslie, Thank you for so many things...Bing Crosby". What a souvenir that is now...

That was virtually the end of the session and it was time for Bing to go.

Bing genially shook hands all round and was off....

This would have been a tremendous experience in any case; in view of what happened a month later it turns out a historic event of some magnitude. I hope I have been able to convey some of the atmosphere prevailing at this, Bing's last recording session. It was a wonderful experience - and, of course, I'm tremendously grateful to Ken Barnes, Polydor Records and everyone who were so kind to me. It goes without saying that I was also grateful to the great man himself and it is now very satisfying to me that I left him in no doubt about this.

You may like to know that the micrpphone Bing used for this session was brought to the studio by none other than the young sound engineer, Steve Taylor. It is Steve's own personal possession and costs, he told me, around £80. The studio microphones cost around £360 each! But Steve knew that Bing would want to sing in the presence of, in fact close to, the orchestra and his private mike was a directional one which would assist in keeping the orchestra from drowning out Bing and provide an altogether better voice-track when the tapes came to be mixed and edited.

I'm sure - Editor here - we will all listen to the SEASONS album with a newer interest now that we can picture what when on during the making of it, thanks to Les Gaylor. And on a more general note, LESLIE GAYLOR adds his piece for this issue:

May I thank all the kind people who sent me their condolences on learning of Bing's death. I assuredly share with you all the sorrow and great sadness that was felt when the great man passed away. We all share the same interest in Bing, and therefore all share the same sad sense of loss. But above all we must now brace ourselves, carry on and enjoy all that Bing gave us and indeed has left us in that wonderful half-century of entertaining us.

We are fans - admirers if you prefer it - of the greatest and best-loved entertainer of all time, and that must make us feel fine. And the assessment was not mine: the whole word seems to have been saying it. We can only regret that so many planned things cannot now take place - an album with Bob Hope, the new Polydor contract for recording - John Fisher of the BBC Parkinson Show spoke to me on the telephone to tell me of his recording with Bing and Bob Hope with Michael Parkinson would have been the summit of all the Parkinson Shows....

There will be much speculation on Bing's passing; many will wish that he had carried out what appeared to be his wish and not fulfilled the Palladium fortnight and the provincial tour, shortened as that was - and I do feel for the Liverpool and Southampton people in particular who were, firstly, so excited at the prospect of Bing appearing in their towns and were then bitterly disappointed at the cancellations.

There is probably reproduced in this issue some comments from the US papers about Bing's condition according to his American doctor; certainly a doctor from Bognor Regis who examined Bing prior to the Palladium shows told my friend, Phil Clarke, that he found no signs of heart trouble in Bing. I did notice at the CBS studios that Bing still had a bruise on his head from the Pasadena fall six months earlier. Could it have been a blood clot as a result of that fall? Perhaps one day we shall know the result of the post-mortem the Spanish authorities carried out on Bing's body before it was allowed to leave that country.....how nice it would have been if we could have gone on enjoying Bing's singing and his presence for a little longer.

I recall the comment a friend of mine invariably made at times of stress and sorrow: Life is not a highway strewn with pretty flowers....

I did see Bing backstage on the last night of the Palladium, along with the London journalist, Peter Green. As Bing left my impression was he looked quite well and both he and Kathryn waved cheerily to us from the car as they were driven away.

> On October 11 Bing recorded eight songs for BBC Radio at the Maida Vale studios with Gordon Rose directing the orchestra and I learn from Ken Barnes these will be broadcast at Christmas time - a bonus of original singing to look forward to. These eight songs were all done on one 'take' and they are songs Bing has already recorded under the direction, musically, of Pete Moore and Alan Cohen.

On a personal note, members living in southern England may like to note that I have a "tie-up" with Jeff Linit, a producer with the BBC Radio Solent and we are recording a one-hour programme of Bing Christmas material, including the Christmas story - THE SMALL ONE. Transmission is scheduled for Christmas morning.

May I, finally, once again express my deep gratitude for all the mail I've received - and I'm sure that goes for Editor Reg, too. Please bear with me and Reg when I say there are just not enough hours in the day to answer it all - but it is all received, read with great interest and appreciation.

I know many of you have wished to have your condolences conveyed to the Crosby family, and you will see that this was certainly done by our Editor-Secretary.

Now, not inappropriately I am certain, for Bing would certainly wish it that way, may I wish all members and their families a Happy Christmas and a good 1978. I wish the year had ended on a happier note but things have to be faced and accepted. And none of us could, or should, forget the wonderful music and entertainment generally Bing has bequeathed us all.

Editor: A great contribution from Leslie - and none will begrudge him his exciting experience at the recording session and his association with Bing on so many earlier occasions. If anyone deserved such rewards surely it is Leslie, who is so absolutely tireless in his Crosby pursuits - on his own behalf, and assuredly, on behalf of so many others who will gladly bear testimony to that.

My work-rate in Crosbyana is calculated to make an ant look a sluggard - but I'm often breathless when I contemplate Leslie's efforts. He doesn't even use a typewriter! He writes by hand literally thousands of letters. The mind boggles. We all owe Leslie a debit.

That's a nice tit-bit of news, too - an original broadcast by Bing for Christmas.

As was to be expected, both BBC-TV and ITV paid handsome tributes on the Saturday night, October 15. The BBC'S effort was an amalgam of the two Parkinson Shows. ITV, I felt, had the major attraction in screening the hitherto unseen Pasadena show. One must confess that ones feelings were mixed viewing this, great as the show was, knowing what happened at the end of the show; mercifully, Bing's fall wasn't shewn. And what nostalgia it presented with Bing singing DINAH with the now venerable Mills Brothers, mush as they sang it 40-odd years ago and still sounding fabulous. Members who watched will have noted the medley followed the Palladium almost exactly - and with similar response from the American audience.

BING 1903-1977

BY KEN BARNES

Nobody who reads BING will need reminding of the mammoth part played by KEN BARNES in Bing's astounding re-emergence. And in Britain, too... It was Ken that persuaded Bing into recording here (and on times, in the US) which led to the Palladium and other concerts - and indeed, as you will read elsewhere, came close to persuading Bing he might even live here....

We have many times assured Ken of our gratitude for his initiative and enterprise. We are very happy to do so again here, as he pays his tribute to the Maestro.

On October 14, a friend left us. Its still hard for me to comprehend that this remarkable man is no longer with us. Its also difficult for me to actually realise that I worked closely with him on no less than six long-playing albums - including what now amounts to the final chapter in his massive commercial discography.

I liked him enormously, and I miss him. And even if I had not had the great pleasure of knowing and working with the inimitable Bing Crosby, I would still feel a deep sense of loss - for there can be no question that this man was the best-loved entertainer of all time.

It offers very little consolation, I know, but I like to believe that dear old Bing went the way he would have wanted to go - after making a superb album, doing a sensational concert tour and playing a great game of golf. He was indisputably a winner to the end.

Writing this piece has been far from easy for me, because in the seven days since Bing's death I have been inundated with numerous phone calls and offered all kinds of propositions to write this article, or do that interview - simply because of my connection with Bing - and have written two sleeve notes (first for SEASONS, the last album, and the second for a re-packaged version of last year's Palladium album). And each of these tasks has taken its toll of my resilience.

I last saw Bing three days before he died. This was at the photo session for the SEASONS album cover. We were planning the next album - a duet package with Bob Hope to be recorded after the Royal Variety Show in November. In fact, Pete Moore, Chris Harding (of Polydor) and myself were scheduled to fly to California on Monday, October 17, to meet with Bing and Bob to work out the repertoire and routines. Chris was feeling particularly good because Bing had finally agreed to the six-album deal we had been negotiating with Polydor.

Apart from agreeing a big cash advance, the Polydor people also gave Bing permission to do one "outside" album for Decca. So he was feeling pretty good. He told us that he was highly delighted with the way the SEASONS album had turned out.

When the photo session was over, we drove back to Bing's flat. We shook hands and said goodbye with plans to meet up in California at the end of the following week.

That was the last time I saw Bing Crosby.

My impressions of this talented man, and my memories of knowing and working

with him leave me very sad. He was not only an extremely gifted entertainer, he was a real gentleman. A man of good taste, a man with a great sense of humour and, above all, a man who was kind and considerate to others. I have never known any artist as co-operative with his supporters as Bing was.

> Mind you, I don't want to give the impression that he was a saint. Like any human being, Bing had his mischievous side. But such moments were always short-lived. And, on reflection, I liked him just as he was.

If I was asked to name Bing's most admirable quality, I would say it was his reliability. In all my dealings with him, I never once encountered anything that smacked of unreliability. Even on the one occasion when he couldn't make a recording session, he phoned me and explained why he wasn't able to attend. "I feel bad about letting you down, Ken," he said. "I don't usually like to record to a track. But in this case I know I can confidently leave the choice of tempo to you and Pete. I can lay my voice on at a later date."

I had heard stories that he could be unco-operative, but I never actually saw such instances. Not once in any of the sessions which he did with Pete Moore and I did we have a cross word. He took direction beautifully and on the rare occasions when I criticised his delivery or his intonation, he swiftly rectified all errors.

> In my opinion, the final album that Bing recorded has turned out to be the greatest of all his LPs of recent years. Everyone who was connected with it felt that Bing was really inspired on these sessions - but you don't have to take my word for it. I'm sure that Leslie Gaylor will attest to the fact that Bing's famous voice was on top form throughout each of the three sessions.

There is not much more I can say at this point, except that it was a great honour for me to be associated with this legendary singer. I know I will always treasure his memory.

KEN BARNES.

Ken was in a unique position to give us this close-up of working with Bing. We can only repeat: it was a very happy circumstance indeed that gave such impetus to Crosbyana in the final years of a long and peerless career. Clearly Bing must have been impressed with the recording facilities - technical, orchestral, expertise - that Ken and Pete Moore offered for they finally provided a substantial contribution to the massive commercial discography Ken mentioned at the start.

Inevitably I suppose, there are screwball paras in the press of people who have a dozen or so Crosby 78s and appear to want to heavily cash in on them. Bing's issues were so prolific that they must have something very unusual indeed to warrant their optimism. And among my otherwise marvellous mail I am getting letters which read, for example: "I have had a Bing 78 since 1955 - what is it worth today?" In some cases I have been able to politely reply that 1955 was about mid-career for Bing; hundreds of thousands of copies of the record were sold--and in any case, it has now appeared four times on LP's...." These are not, incidentally, ICC members but from people who have learned my function. As I said - I suppose its inevitable. But it does seem ghoulishly sharp practice. I suppose that's because we - the Circle people - while occasionally off-load "duplicates" normally buy Crosby records - to KEEP!

GONE FISHIN' by PETER DIFFLEY

'Home is the golfer, home from the green
And the singer home from the song...'

It started some 73 years ago when - if we may borrow and amend the felicitous imagery of Neville Cardus - the Good Lord scooped up a handful of rich American earth, breathed gently upon it and murmured "Your name is Bing Crosby, now go and bring laughter, happiness and song to my distraught little World." And for over 50 years this is exactly what Bing did, with such supreme skill, elan and charm that he won untold millions of admirers throughout that same distraught little world.

In the entire history of entertainment no single performer ever distributed such largesse of song and happiness, and certainly no one so much enjoyed the giving of it. To those of us who grew up with Bing from the early days and to whom he is a much-cherished part of our lives, his death is indeed deeply felt. We recall him sprinkling our days with laughter and song in the 30's, drawing us together in the long, dark and painful years of war, guiding us merrily through the utilitarian days of shortages and rations and, miracle of miracles, still enthralling us with his unique voice and personality almost to the very day of his death. So many years: so many memories.

But Bing was much more than a songster, for although his voice was unique - unquestionably the richest, the most melodious, the most rhythmical and the most athletic ever to be heard by the human ear - this alone was not sufficient to win him the love and affection of so many millions. No, this affection was generated by an equally unique personality, one of such rare warmth and sincerity that he came to be regarded not simply as the world's favourite singer but as the world's favourite friend. Thus, although the loss to music is grievous and irreplaceable, it can truly be said that the most sundering loss is that of a man so steeped in gentleness and humility, so charged with laughter and humour, so filled with kindness and generosity that he won not just the admiration but the affection and love of so many millions of people. To each and every one of those millions, Bing's death is a personal loss, the loss of a cheery friend who for so many years has brightened our days and lightened our load - and who has now finally swung his way off the green and out of our sight.

One recalls the stunned bewilderment of P.G.Wodehouse - a man with a deep simplicity of character much akin to that of Bing's - who, on the death of his daughter could only murmur from a puzzled and grieving heart..."I thought she was immortal." Well, so did we all feel of Bing and maybe, on reflection, we shall realise that he is. Certainly Bing himself, a devout Christian of unshakeable conviction believed this: believed that our stay here is a temporary one and that the sad farewells of this world are but a prelude to happy hello's in the next.

It may be that Bing's religious beliefs played a large part in forming his character. Always he faced life with the quiet confidence of those beliefs: a confidence made manifest in a serenity of outlook rarely found in these troubled times and an integrity rarely found in any time. He was a man of unbelievable but quite genuine modesty, constantly and sincerely belittling his colossal achievements - and these achievements were indeed colossal, for Bing, in all his humility, was a towering figure of the 20th century, loved as much for himself as for his singing. There is obviously something very, very special about a man who could win the love of so many millions of men, women and children and one cannot recall any other public figure of our times whose loss has been so deeply and so universally mourned.

Bing, of course, was never ostentatious in his religious beliefs. His

Christianity was a very private affair, but if ever a man demonstrated that the key to uproarious enjoyment of life lay in a certitude as to what it was all about, then he was that man. It is one of the strange paradoxes of Christianity that the man with his feet most securely on the ground is usually the man with his head in the Heavens. Bing qualified on both counts, for with feet firmly on the ground he swung into life with all the power of a No. 3-iron, banging it squarely straight down the middle and on to the green. None had a better knowledge of what life was all about - it was about enjoyment: only accept the responsibilities and the whole word unfolded like a fresh Spring morning. There were golf-balls to be hit, horses to be raced, rivers to be fished - and songs to be sung. Oh yes, Bing knew perfectly well which way he was going and, subject to the usual blows and stresses that burden mankind, he enjoyed every minute of the journey.

> And this is why, given our very natural sadness at losing him we must at the same time rejoice in what he was and what he has left behind. We really cannot revile a Fate that has been generous enough to give us fifty years companionship of one of the sunniest figures ever to grace the human stage. And to augment the precious memories he gave us, what a truly bounteous legacy has Bing left us in the shape of records, tapes and films. Surely no mortal ever left behind him such a fountain of perpetual joy

Consider also the manner of his passing; for Bing's death, like his life, was a triumph and it is not possible to see it otherwise. Always a man of the open air, a skilled and accomplished sportsman in many fields, he died in the environment he most loved - bade farewell to the world under the open sky and on the green fields of his youth, his middle-age and his later years (he didn't have any declining years!) Died with the thunderous applause of his last concert audience still ringing in his ears; died in the knowledge that his voice was still in tremendous form, that he was still the most-loved figure in the entertainment world and (possibly most important of all) that his golf was still good enough to beat skilled opponents. His last recorded words may well have been...."..a great game of golf, fellas!" Well, it was a great game of life, too. Played supremely well and it would seem almost as though his Creator also loved him too much to see him endure long, sad days of decline and wastage, with that glorious voice dying away to a croak. Certainly it would seem that all Nature conspired to provide the finest curtain-fall ever staged for one of the best men she had ever nurtured.

And so, with the Fall of the year there fell also one of humanity's brightest stars. No longer shall we have the comfort and cheer of just knowing that Bing is somewhere around: we have lost a man for all seasons and for all peoples and the memory will be particularly poignant at this Christmas-time of the year. In particular must our hearts go out to his family, to Mrs. Crosby and the children, for if Bing enriched our lives, what deeper enrichment must he have brought to them and how much greater is their loss than ours.

We must not, however, end on a note of loss but rather one of gain. Bing had a tremendous life and a superbly dignified and fitting finish. We have the memories, the legacy and the certitude that the loss is temporary. Bing sincerely believed this and he, above all, would wish everyone to have a merry Christmas and joyful New Year. With the death of every old year there comes the irrevocable promise of re-birth of the new and it is in this spirit that we must accept Bing's farewell. All we can say is Merry Christmas Bing - thanks for everything. He's not gone for ever...let's say he's just - Gone Fishin'.....

OUTSIDE LONDON

We have never been so naive - or so stupid! - to believe that we have any exclusive rights in Crosbyana. Indeed, we have often wondered if the keenest supporters are NOT in the Circle. But no, in view of our wonderful members that is too much to believe. But you may be sure, there are an army who do not belong to us; perhaps because they've never heard of us! On the other hand, we have had some great, inspired, stories - and we've invariably enjoyed advance news of forthcoming albums, visits, and so on. And we've set up, over the years, an informed and informative membership - and we like to think that, in the main, we have a friendly circle and that we know one another.

But Bing's passing proved just how much he belonged to the world, to the populace in general. I have heard minor complaints about the way the media dealt with the tragic event, comparing it unfavourably with that of a certain rock star who also died, at a considerably younger age, a short while back. Personally, I saw nothing to quarrel with in the way the event was handled. I thought the coverage commensurate with Bing's unique standing. And I didn't miss many of the papers, magazines, supplements, etc. etc.

Members probably know that professional publishing houses, newspapers, and so on keep a "biography" department wherein are filed the biographies of all famous - or notorious - personalities. These are written and filed, usually years before the subject's death is even a remote possibility. They are brought out and updated from time to time. Then when the appropriate moment comes, that is, when the subject does die, they merely have to draw the biography from the file, and hey presto! it is in the newspapers immediately. Supplements are on sale at what seems astounding speed. It is one of the necessities, of course, of the publishing business.

We could not - even if we wanted to - compete with that professionalism. In any case, we had no desire to "write-up" Bing's death in advance. Its bad enough when it is mandatory....In this issue, therefore, we are endeavouring to get away from too much that has already been seen by members and to that end, I feel we have received some brilliant contributions. But, to the professionals.

> The BIRMINGHAM EVENING MAIL produced a really brilliant coloured, highly pictorial supplement and are to be congratulated on it. Many members will have already obtained this for it really is worth having and keeping. It marked the sad event in tremendous style. Actually, the people concerned tried to contact your Editor during that weekend but as I was travelling to and from Leeds a hurried telephone conversation from Leeds was all that could be managed. We have, however, many steadfast members in the Midlands who assisted - without, alas, getting the credit - among whom were Fred Reynolds and Frank Hatwell.

Another publication from DAVIES & RICKETTS LTD, 8 Guildford Rd., Woking, Surrey, distributed by MOORE HARNESS LTD., 31 Corsica St., London, N5 was entitled, simply, A TRIBUTE TO BING, and cost 40p. This too was quite excellent, with many fine photographs and including a discography (highly abbreviated, of course) and a filmography listing fifty-five of Bing's films and giving the year they were made. There were, of course, omissions but on the whole, a fine publication. All members should have the BIRMINGHAM MAIL and the special just mentioned.

Both THE SUNDAY TIMES and THE OBSERVER ran special coloured supplements tho' not on the scale of those just described. Many provincial papers came out with high creditable issues also, a fine selection of which have been kindly

sent to me by members. We particularly liked a poem which appeared in a Stoke paper (forwarded by David Plumbley of that town):

"In those far-off days of a harder but happier time,
When a sad little song was 'Buddy Can You Spare a Dime,'
Though work was so scarce the world had not run so wild
And was still full of dreams for the wondering, quieter, child,
Dear old Bing became a beloved companion of song,
Whose voice journeyed with us the road of life long.

Through the 'Thirties of hardship, the 'Forties of War,
His smile and his song were going before;
And now he has played his last happy game,
Among the truly great inscribe his name;
Let us toast it at Christmas which may be "white" this year
And bless him for being the gentlest of us here...

MR. E. Landon, of Dresden.

Mr. Landon is not a member of ours; we gratefully acknowledge his rights - and should anyone know his address we will be delighted to send him a copy of this issue.

Then there appeared the following in - of all publications - THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL of 30 October last:

"BING:

How many impressions of a Bing Crosby concert can be squeezed into 400 words? The familiar inscrutable superiority of the box-office as we applied for tickets; the few empty seats on the night in the overpriced stalls and circle; the old ladies in the audience, plus a few elegant younger suntans. An unfamiliar excitement just before the opening, and the huge applause as the star appeared, unannounced, and at the very start. His high-stepping, short-paced gait, lively in appearance but economical of effort; his raised chin and firmly closed mouth, an attitude elderly men tend to use for keeping old skin taut. His impeccable microphone technique; his voice rich as ever, except for the high notes, which he avoided. His charm and, well, talent is the only word, I suppose, for an ability to command a st for almost three hours without moving a wrong muscle.

The orchestra ranged behind him, strong on brass; their tubby director watching Bing over his shoulder as intently as a Western gunfighter. The musicians impassive as statues while the supporting comedian ran through his routine, pursued by applause and laughter; the same musicians leaning raptly to watch the jazz quartet improvising. The quartet becoming a quintet as Bing went into a remarkable medley of 20 to 30 songs; the rapport between him and the wiry little pianist crouched over the Steinway like a racing cyclist and wisecracking with the front row. Bing forgetting the words near the end of that long series, but singing a nicely phrased apology instead of the missing line.

Bing's family; and the people behind me explaining to each other loudly and wrongly, which was his younger son. The older son's musical ability, poise, and embarrassingly poor voice. The frequent entrances of Bing's wife and daughter, much more professional thanwe had feared. The old man's watery blue eyes as he sang THE WAY WE WERE. His self-possession during the applause at the end - doesn't he realise how rare standing ovations are in Edinburgh? - and his gentle send-up of our enthusiasm as he strutted off, hand on heart. Not a single note of WHITE CHRISTMAS throughout.

(cont. over...

The large crowd round the stage-door. Applause. Bing in his golfing hat, looking surprised, old, tired. Five big policemen round him, squeezing him into the limousine. Bing's youngest son following unnoticed, looking just a bit awe-struck. And no wonder.

James Drife (obstetric registrar, Edinburgh)

Again, Mr. (Dr?) Drife is not an ICC member - and it takes a brave soul to offer a "second opinion" on a medical diagnosis by a layman. But I must take my courage in my hands and query as to how a man can command a stage, singing, for three hours with his mouth shut? Still, an unusual and intelligent appraisal from an unexpected source.

Then - Liverpool and: THE LIVERPOOL ECHO of August 22 featured:

"GROANS AS OLD GROANER RULES OUT CITY SHOW: (an abridgedreport here) -

Bing Crosby's Liverpool concert, planned for the city's Empire Theatre on Sept. 21 is off. The Old Groaner - now 73 - has cancelled his provincial tour of the UK says theatre manager Mr. Charles O'Neill after advice from his doctors. But his planned London Palladium shows are apparently still on....

Meanwhile, the operation started to get the thousands of pounds already sent in for advance bookings back to the Liverpool fans. Tickets still hadn't arrived from the printers when news of the cancellation broke, and the Empire's advertising campaign wasn't fully under way. Yet over 2000 fans had already claimed seats at the 2,500-capacity theatre... "The interest has been fantastic. People have been writing to us not just to ask for tickets, but to tell us about all his records they own, and to ask for him to sing requests," said Mr. O'Neill..."

Sid Scott (one of our members) spoke for many more when he wrote of "...crushing disappointment when I opened the envelope expecting my tickets to fall out...instead, it was postal orders...." Sid hasn't got over his disappointment. We can well understand....

At PRESTON, they were luckier for Bing opened his tour at the GUILD HALL there on Thursday, 22nd September and a DAILY MIRROR report (Northern editions) carried this story:

"WHAT A TREAT BY BING!

The great Bing Crosby showed today's pop idols the international star way to treat the paying fans last night. Bing opened his British tour before an audience of 2,100 packed into the Guild Hall at Preston.

He knew they had paid between £4.50 and £7.50 to see him. And there was none of the usual nonsense of them having to wait through everybody else's act to see the night's big name. For the multi-millionaire singer was the first turn on.

Bing might have excused himself. He is 73 and in the afternoon he supervised a four-hour rehearsal. But straight away he did a 15-minute spot loosening up his larynx with jokes and songs including the one he first sang in public at a church hall 60 years ago.

Then he swopped gags with co-star Rosemary Clooney, his wife, Kathryn, and their guitar-playing son, Harry Crosby III. He was back singing GONE FISHIN' with comedian Ted Rogers and then to duet with Harry and later Rosemary. And he returned to sing a Noel Coward medley with Rosemary and Kathryn.

That was only the first half. In the second he again "worked the show"

(Cont....

compering, duetting with Kathryn and then rolling back the years in his 35-minute final spot.

And nearly three hours after he began, he finished to a standing ovation. Nobody could say he hadn't given value for money. This was the first time Bing had sung in the North since a Wartime troops' concert at Burtonwood, Lancashire.

The Guild Hall did him proud. His 29-piece orchestra was huddled under a giant PRESTON WELCOMESBING AND FAMILY banner.

Tonight he is at Manchester's Belle Vue and next week he starts a fortnight at the London Palladium.

Kenneth Tossell

We seem to have a curious lack of cuttings covering the Manchester concert; but PETER DIFFLEY was there. He writes -

I went to the show at the King's Hall last Friday and Bing was in absolutely tremendous form. As at the Palladium, he was on stage virtually the whole time and his voice was enormously strong and powerful.

But there were two disappoints: the venue, and secondly, the band. I suppose there must be a reason for the promotors deciding on the King's Hall, but frankly it was not worthy of Bing. It is used for circuses and so forth (being at the Belle Vue Zoo) and there is very little decent, plush seating. Hundreds of orange plastic chairs had been brought in (dam'd uncomfortable) and as far as I could see, there seemed to be no proper dressing room for the artists, who seemed to make their exits down a passage marked TOILETS! The stage was uncurtained and about 6-8 ft high.

For an artist of the stature of Bing, one would have thought the Free Trade Hall to be more suitable, or possibly a large cinema. The Free Trade Hall is, of course, the home of the Halle Orchestra and much more in keeping with Bing & Co. It really is quite incredible that in such a paltry surrounding Bing should give such a staggeringly superb performance - rising completely above the utilitarian trappings and giving no hint of the discomfort that must have been occasioned him.

As to the band: this was murderous in that it insisted on playing at ear-shattering volume which completely drowned the singers. The drummer was immediately behind Bing and banged and thumped away for dear life. The Stage Manager was top-class, frequently (from the side of the stage) gave urgent signals for the band to tone down, but they just ignored him, and he did everything he could to look after Bing - finding him a chair, he was on hand to help him round the back of the stage and so forth. He really did his best.

However, the second half was the real thrill. When we had just Bing and the Joe Bushkin Quartet. This was just tremendous! Better even than I recall it at the Palladium. He seemed to put a few more songs into the medley (or maybe it just seemed that way) his voice has never been better and the final version of OL' MAN RIVER had so much drive it nearly broke the place up. In addition there was some magnificent ad-libbing from Bing - Joe missed out THEM THERE EYES during the medley and caught Bing on the wrong foot, whereupon Bing stopped singing, told Joe he had missed the song and when Joe was disbelieving, Bing called him from the piano to look at the prompt sheet. Joe then covered his eyes in mock horror and staggered back to the piano, an old and broken man!where he just trilled into JUST ONE MORE CHANCE - the next song, and Bing sang:

(cont....

'Just one more chance (and, pointing an accusatory finger at Joe)

'And that is all I'm going to give you....'

This caused Joe to collapse over the keys and the rest of the Quartet burst into laughter. A great moment. Bing went thro' a most gruelling 2½ to 3 hours rarely off stage in rather shabby surroundings - certainly ones of some discomfort - and finished with his marathon medley, with all the vivacity, subtlety and mellowness it demanded and finished looking a dam' sight fresher than we in the audience! The only sign of age - or weakness - I noted was a little unsteadiness (or maybe it was carefulness) in walking away behind the stage. What a man!

Editor: Hmmm...some shortcomings in Manchester - tho' it didn't stop thousands of people from thrilling to Bing's performance - as so many letters testify.

MANY MEMBERS HAVE ENQUIRED IF THE 1977 PALLADIUM PERFORMANCE WAS RECORDED. ALMOST CERTAINLY NO - UNLESS IT WAS DONE "PRIVATELY", i.e. someone smuggled in an inconspicuous recorder. As Bing explained in a letter to one of our members, however, there seemed little point in it. The "live" at the Palladium doube-album is being repackaged and reissued and as the shows mostly followed the same pattern Bing felt this set was the definitive recording of his stage show. Bing video-taped would be a different matter - but we have no knowledge as to whether this happened or not.

YORKSHIRE, oddly enough, wasn't scheduled for a concert which meant, at least, there was no cancellation! However, Yorkshire figures in the news, according to this report: (Daily Mirror, 13.9.77 not all editions)

"It looked as though Bing Crosby was going to have to break his promise to give a charity show for the children of Yorkshire. It was due to be held during his British tour, which starts in a fortnight at the London Palladium. But no suitable theatre could be found. And then, after he fell off a stage, injuring his spine, the doctors told him to take it easy.

"But the Old Groaner remembered his promise to raise funds and yesterday a cheque for £2,500 arrived at the home of Mrs. Mandy Chisendale-Marsh, a member of the North Yorkshire committee of the NSPCC. It will be used to help run a battered-child clinic at Leeds.

"In America, Bing, 73, was putting the finishing touches to plans for his UK tour, which takes in Manchester and Preston. "Retire?", he said. "I'd just get bored."

The story of Bing, the philantrophist, would warrant a large chapter in any full biography of him. Trouble is, it has been so little publicised. No doubt Bing was responsible for this, too.

And so to SOUTHAMPTON where bitter disappointment came the way of so many of our members there - as well as Portsmouth and the surrounding area. The concert at the Gaumont was, of course, cancelled.

To BRIGHTON, however, fell the distinction of staging Bing's final concert even though nobody knew it at the time. Our "reproduction" pages should tell some of the Brighton story, but in any case, our well-known correspondent,

(Cont over

TO BRIGHTON ------- THE FINAL CONCERT....AND ITS SAD AFTERMATH

BY JOHN BIGNELL.

"Its a great night for Brighton," I heard a distinguished-looking gentleman saying in the foyer of the magnificent Concerence Centre on the night of Monday October 10th. He appeared to be a kind of local dignitary. It was a prophetic statement and when it was made assuredly no-one had any idea that Brighton was destined to go down in history as the town where the incomparable and irreplaceable Bing Crosby was to make his last ever public appearance. And that happened, of course, because of a postponement - the show was originally intended to take place much earlier.

'Twas indeeda great night. A tremendous night - and for those of us privileged to be there it goes without saying that it will remain an indelible memory. Yet, there were moments when one wondered if one was in fact in the right town - and whether or not a concert was scheduled! My wife and I, with Pat Forster, arrived there on the Sunday afternoon and right up until Monday afternoon there was literally not the slightest indication that Bing was going to appear there at all! The Conference Centre was still advertising the Labour Party Conference which had finished the week before - and there was not so much as a handbill to be seen anywhere on the town's hoardings mentioning the arrival of the greatest name in show business.

It was not until about 4 pm on the Monday that THE BING CROSBY SHOW - 8PM replaced the political slogan and a few small handbills were pasted onto the glass doors of the Centre. We dined at a small restaurant not too far from the centre along the sea-front. It was all quiet when we entered - but lo! and behold, when we came out at about 7.15 - what a transformation! It was as though everyone had been lying in wait and now they descended upon the Conference Centre by car and on foot - out they came from all the hotels along the front, out of the side streets, everyone making for the same place. Any remote fears that we were to be the only people there were laughably dispelled - and so incredibly quickly.

> This Conference Centre is a really vast place - not all that suitable really for a concert. The seating arrangements could be improved and because of its sheer size those at the very back upstairs were a long, long way from the stage. But it was absolutely packed - it holds around 5000 - and the reception for Bing as he came on at the beginning was as genuine and enthusiastic as one would expect.

He began with a few words of tribute to Brighton; he had arrived in mid-afternoon and had had a quick tour of the city. This had included a visit to the Royal Pavilion where he had signed autographs - we missed out on this for we had been at the Pavilion during the morning.

The second half of the show was delayed for some minutes; we learned afterwards that Bing had been delayed when our own Gracie Fields was introduced to him and their photograph (as perhaps you will see elsewhere in this issue) appeared in the local press. During the famed medley - always a likely source of fun - there was an amusing incident when Bing went to the piano and deliberately propped up a cardboard sheet - "My cue-card," he confided to us with a mischievous grin.

Throughout the performance, as at most of the concerts when normal rules seemed to go by the board, the artists were subjected to the disturbing flashing of cameras. Bing was the complete professional, of course, and made no complaint or in any way let these flashing distractions bother him though it must have made concentration that much harder. And considering this show came after the two tiring and triumphant weeks at the Palladium, not to mention Preston and Manchester, one can only marvel at the standard of Bing's performance.

(Cont...

The highlight of a wonderful show for me occurred early on in the show - and I feel sure most of the audience were unaware of the "mishap". It happened when Bing was singing the now legendary THERE'S NOTHING THAT I HAVEN'T SUNG ABOUT. He got to:

The old Ox Road..
The Old Mill Stream...
Pennies from Heaven...
& Darn that Dream...

but somehow sang: The Old Mill Stream...
The Old Ox Road...

Crikey! How's he going to get out of that I thought, the last line won't rhyme! But on he went:

Pennies from Heaven...
and COWBOY JOE!...

The master of the ad-lib remained quite imperturbable and was out of a tight spot without most people even knowing he had done it. He had about two seconds to think up the new title - and to discard the RAGTIME. Bordering on genius!

The show ended as all his shows ended, with the whole cast receiving a standing ovation from this massive audience. A particularly nice gesture was made by Kathryn who kissed each of the others - Ted Rogers, Harry and Joe Bushkin as well as Rosemary. All had supported Bing so ably during a historic tour.

> And now - its all over. So much accomplished, so much to be eternally grateful for - and so much to regret. The brutal suddenness of Bing's death left us all hurt, bewildered and numb. For him, it was a great way to go. No slow, sad decline which is the unenviable lot of so many great entertainers, nay of mankind... no fading into obscurity for Bing with the odd, sad, little paragraph appearing in the papers from time to time...
>
> Bing went at the very top. Few can have gone at such a peak of popularity after such an extraordinary career. For his lovely family and for ourselves there is sympathy and sadness. For Bing, perhaps, it is all summed up in the final lines of one of his most beautiful ballads:
>
> "Paradise will open up its gate..
> May be soon, may be late..."

The gate opened for Bing; the welcome is assured and great must be the rejoicing in Heaven.

There has been a curious sequel to the Brighton concert. A paragraph appeared in the BRIGHTON EVENING ARGUS stating that a fund started to inaugurate a plaque in the Brighton Conference Centre had raised - £1.50. I was bombarded with letters concerning this bizarre item - especially as some of the National papers saw fit to reproduce it. Understandably, members were outraged at this seeming afront to the memory of a great man. Indeed, so incensed were they that I saw fit to write to the Editor of that paper telling him of this afront - and wondering about the credulity of any Editor that would print it.

Then I had a letter from the lady concerned, Mrs. Pat Lawrence, of Pats Pantry, Dyke Road, Brighton asking me if ICC members would help in furthering this cause. Now I have no doubt that Mrs. Lawrence is an extremely loyal and keen admirer of Bing's - but I suggested that perhaps the project had been rather hastily launched; that our members were concerned about all kinds of memorials (e.g. at the Palladium, for instance) and that these things had to

to be carefully thought out. And has, for instance, the administrator of the Conference Centre been approached his views, and more importantly, his permission, been obtained? Valid questions, I thought. I also said that I had received many letters from ICC members in the South of England who were outraged at the item originally in the Brighton paper, but carried in other larger papers, to the effect that such a paltry sum had been received. It was an affront to the memory of a great man as well as our members. And altho' I haven't seen it myself, I understand the letter I sent to the Argus was published for I've had yet more letters from NON-members forsooth. One points out that if the 5000 people who had attended Bing's last concert had donated a mere 5p apiece there would have been £250.

> In reply from Mrs. Lawrence, I received a tart and brusque reply that she HAD contact various dignitaries in the town - and where were the ICC members who were outraged? I would only, at this point, make it clear that I in no way doubted this lady's genuine admiration for Bing and her warm and kind desire in endeavouring to promote this project. My grouse, on behalf of many members, was that such publicity had been given to £1.50 - and little or none at all to the project itself.

Well, I don't know the current position but if southern members - or any others for that matter - wish to contribute towards Mrs. Lawrence's idea for a commemorative plaque at the Brighton Conference Centre her address is given above. I am all for as many memorials to Bing as possible; but not ANY which result in ridiculous news items.

ON THE PAGE OPPOSITE CAN BE SEEN EXTRACTS FROM THE BRIGHTON PAPERS REGARDING BING'S LAST CONCERT THERE; AND THERE IS BING WITH "OUR GRACIE" MAKING YET ANOTHER HISTORIC PICTURE. AND ON THE FOLLOWING FIVE PAGES ARE ITEMS FROM "THE SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER" - BING'S HOMETOWN PAPER. THESE SHOULD PROVE OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO MEMBERS AND GET AWAY FROM THE MORE FAMILIAR MATERIAL WE HAD HERE AT HOME. THE PAGES ARE HEADED:

> BING AT CHRISTMAS: ELDERLY AUDIENCE'S SPECIAL MEMORIES.
>
> COMING HOME: FAMILY, NATION, MOURNING BING
>
> A WARM PICTURE OF BING (also on this page are some photos from the Spanish magazine, DIEZ MINUTOS, kindly sent by friend Carlos Uback in that country; and also by Pierre Bugnot from the South of France. Contrary to some reports, the Spanish press did an exceptionally fine job in reporting the tragedy of Bing and his last game of golf - tho' it was an ironic twist that Bing should have died in Spain where, reputedly, he did not get a lot of showing and certainly there has never been a mention of the possibility of concerts there. Nevertheless, as we well know, Spain does have its Crosby admirers and the press did well. There follows on the next page -
>
> BING'S WIDOW: 'HE'D HAD A GOOD ROUND' and finally
>
> THE SHOCK OF BING'S DEATH; this pave also contains a front-page item from the Yorkshire Post...and a typical newspaper leading article.

We can only say again how grateful we are to so many members for providing so much interesting material and in this connection LES WILSON, of California and the Rev. George Duffy of Miami, Florida have been particularly kind. There are so many "home" contributors it is hoped they will accept a general THANK YOU for their thought and effort.

THE POSTERS OF BING DESCRIBED IN THE LAST ISSUE ARE STILL AVAILABLE FROM TONY BULMER, 69 DORSET RD., HUTTON EAST, GUISEBOROUGH, CLEVELAND AT £1.99 - or £1 to Senior citizens - no proof required!

So tired, but it's the old Bing . . .

BING CROSBY breezed into Brighton yesterday. But if you were not among the thousands who packed into the Brighton Centre for his one - night show, your chances of spotting the Old Groaner were slim.

He arrived late yesterday afternoon and went straight up to the centre's executive suite — and stayed there, resting, until the start of the show.

"He was quite shattered after his tour of the North and two weeks at the London Palladium," said tour organiser Mr Harry McBride.

But there were no signs of exhaustion during the three - hour concert; he was on stage throughout the second half.

Effortlessly and easily he crooned his way through song after song, from the modern The Way We Were back to True Love, Blue Skies, and even a rather premature White Christmas. And it ended with a standing ovation.

During the 20 - minute interval Bing posed for pictures backstage with another veteran, Gracie Fields, who is in this country doing television work and had come to Brighton specially for the show.

Friends

"We're old friends," said Gracie. "We used to appear as guests in each other's radio shows years and years ago."

Bing also found time to meet the Mayor of Brighton, Coun. Mrs Hilary Somerville, and other civic representatives.

Last word from Coun. Alfred Feld, chairman of Brighton Amenities Committee. He said the Centre, described by Bing during his show as "this beautiful auditorium," had now proved it could provide top - class entertainment.

"The show was a sell - out," he said. "It broke all records and should bring a handsome profit."

THE BRIGHTON CENTRE
KING'S ROAD, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX, BN1 2GR. Ticket Booking Office Tel. 202881

THURSDAY, 15th SEPTEMBER at 8 p.m.

BING CROSBY

& FRIENDS

ROSEMARY CLOONEY * KATHRYN CROSBY
HARRY CROSBY III * TED ROGERS

with

JOEY BUSKIN QUARTET
FULL ORCHESTRA

Tickets: £7.50, £6.50, £5.00, £4.00, £3.00
— NOW BOOKING —

THE LIGHTS went down and there he was. Bing gave the audience of 5,000 a cross section of his hits spanning 40 years at the top of the tree.

WELL, well, fancy seeing you—Gracie Fields, in this country for television work, went backstage and gave her old pal Bing his biggest surprise of the evening.

Bing at Christmas

Elderly audience's special memories

By Ivan Sharpe

He reminded them of younger, happier days. They wept when he sang and told them to dream their troubles away.

But the seemingly ageless Bing Crosby, his famous voice as clear and vibrant as it was 30 years ago, also made them feel years younger.

Every Christmas for eight years he magically transformed and spirited them away into a world of warmth and happiness. Their loneliness was forgotten. They laughed and joked and their blurred eyes sparkled again.

So the elderly folk at Laguna Honda Hospital, who knew him as a friend as well as a great entertainer, could scarcely believe it yesterday when they heard he was dead.

They sat stunned and silent in front of television sets. Bing, so young at 73, was gone.

"It's a damn shame he had to go so fast," muttered Mary Jones, 90, wrapping her red dressing gown around her with a shiver.

"We're going to miss him. He was a darn good man. I remember his first show here. It was wonderful. And he put on a beautiful show last year.

"When he sang 'White Christmas' he brought the roof down. Oh, he could sing so well."

Said Fairie Lee Matthews, 78: "It made me feel terrible when I heard. You know what, he was part of us.

"I think the world worshipped him. We certainly did."

And Martha Lewis said, "We all loved him dearly. He's going to be missed. It's been quieter in here since the news than I've ever seen it before."

"Bing's show was always a big event in their lives," said hospital administrator Henry Sicabaig. "They relate to the era he was most famous for, and to what his songs represented."

The Christmas shows were remerkable for the effort and planning the Crosby family put into them. "We love to do it," Crosby said last year.

The Crosbys brought in other entertainers, such as Crosby contemporary Rudy Vallee, to put together a variety program that would have cost thousands of dollars on Broadway.

And after the shows, Crosby and his family would usually tour wards of bedridden patients, brightening them with impromptu songs.

Margaret Hampton, 92, remembered meeting him in a hallway after a show four years ago.

"He came right up to me and wished me a very Merry Christmas," she said. "And he was just as gracious as if I were somebody big and rich like himself.

"He was so gracious to all of us. And every year he seemed to get more gracious, if that's possible.

"He was a busy man but he always took the trouble to stop and talk to us. He was so generous and made people so happy. You can't imagine how much everyone looked forward to his show.

"He put on as good a show as if it was on TV — you couldn't ask for a finer show."

George Berkley, 47, the assistant administrator, was already worrying about next Christmas.

"I just don't know what we are going to do now, to be honest. It'll be pretty hard to come up with anything comparable," he said.

"It's going to be hard to realize he won't be here again this year. Christmas very definitely won't be the same without him.

"His Christmas shows were one of the big highlights of the year here. His passing is a great loss for the hospital."

German-owned firm to release last Crosby disc

LONDON (AP) — Polydor Records will issue Bing Crosby's last recording, "Seasons," next week.

Polydor's announcement, three hours after the singer's death yesterday in Spain, said Crosby had signed a recording contract with the German-owned firm two weeks ago.

The songs were recorded in London during Crosby's two-week run at the London Palladium, which ended Monday.

To Berkley, Bing Crosby was one of the nicest people you would ever want to meet. "He was friendly with everyone. It was amazing to see how easily he talked to people.

"There was nothing phony about him. He was a regular Joe," he added.

A marvel

ISN'T Bing Crosby marvellous?

At 73 he is enthralling audiences as much as ever he did 40 years ago.

One critic says that Bing is obviously enjoying himself and wants the people watching him to enjoy themselves too.

What a contrast that is to the present-day crop of so-called entertainers who give the impression that they are in the final stages of an unmentionable, painful disease.

In 40 years' time, will they still be around? Won't it be dreadful if they are?

Coming home

Family, nation, mourning Bing

By Dick Alexander

Bing Crosby's son Harry flew to Madrid today to accompany the body of the beloved entertainer on his final "road" trip.

Crosby, who said he'd like to be remembered as "just an ordinary guy and a pretty good singer" died Friday after a round of golf in Madrid. He was 73.

His widow Kathryn, teary-eyed but composed, told a Hillsborough news conference:

"I can't think of any better way for a golfer who sings for a living to finish the round."

Funeral services will be conducted Tuesday. Mrs. Crosby said he will probably be buried beside his parents and first wife at a Los Angeles cemetery.

From Pebble Beach to Paris, Washington to London, Hollywood to Hillsborough, celebrities and just plain friends reacted with grief and disbelief to the passing of the legendary performer at 73 after a golf match yesterday in Madrid.

Crosby, who sold 300 million records, was "happy and singing" during the 4½ hour round of golf, a golfing partner said.

Of all those who expressed words of condolence, perhaps golfing great Arnold Palmer totaled up the score card best.

Describing Crosby as "an American tradition" and "something Americans take for granted," Palmer, who is playing in a golf tournament near Paris, said:

"We won't know how much we'll miss him until we realize that he's not there any more."

Although early accounts from Spain said Crosby had collapsed on the 17th hole while playing in a foursome with Spanish pros Manuel Pinero, Valentin Barrios and Cesar de Zulveta, it was later confirmed that the crooner had finished the round and was heading for the clubhouse when he suffered a "massive heart attack."

Crosby's widow, Kathryn, who was recording at a local TV studio when informed of her husband's death, later told reporters outside their Hillsborough home he had played well in his final 18 holes.

"I can't think of a better way for a golfer who sings for a living to go — to have finished a good round," she said.

A spokesman for the Red Cross hospital where Crosby was taken said he was dead on arrival.

The singer-actor, whose casual baritone voice charmed popular music fans for 50 years, arrived in Spain Thursday to relax and play golf after playing to a capacity audience at London's Palladium.

Singer Rosemary Clooney, who appeared with Crosby in movies and most phases of show business, had returned Thursday to her Beverly Hills home from the Sept. 26 to Oct. 10 Palladium engagement.

Clooney was "very upset" when she heard the news by telephone and left immediately to be with the Crosby family in Hillsborough, said her brother-in-law, Matt Swaggerty. "She took it very hard," he added.

Swaggerty's wife Gail quoted Clooney as saying Crosby looked strong at the Palladium and was "feeling wonderful."

Crosby's personal physician, Dr. Stanley Hanfling of Burlingame, also said there was no inkling of any health problems.

"His blood pressure was normal, his chest X-ray was clear and he was in good cardiac condition," said Hanfling.

"He was doing all the right things. Despite the fact that he had some discomfort (from his fall from a Pasadena stage last March), he continued with his walking and his golf game.

"He ate moderately, exercised moderately, and didn't drink or smoke."

Crosby, who made a number of "road" pictures with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour, apparently was on the road to recovery from two major illnesses — his fall off the stage and a rare lung ailment several years earlier.

"We felt the long lung illness then was going to be fatal," said Dr. Hanfling. "He made a fantastic recovery."

The doctor said the entertainer's death "came as quite a surprise, but things like this happen to people at that age. Three score and 10 plus three is the life expectancy of the American male of this day."

Inside . . .

☐ An affectionate biography of the master showman: Page 2.

☐ Bing's neighbors paint a warm picture of the Hillsborough gentleman: Page 2.

☐ Kathryn Crosby tells about Bing's last moments: Page 3.

a warm picture of Bing

When he was in town, Crosby could be seen walking along the treelined roads near his Hillsborough home in the later afternoons, poking at leaves with a golf club, clad in raincoat and slouch hat, a pair of Labradors trotting at his side.

"He was unobtrusive and unassuming," one neighbor said. "If you didn't see his face, you'd never know it was Bing Crosby. He'd nod and smile and pass along just like anyone else."

Another neighbor, Mrs. Herbert Lewis, also saw Crosby on his walks, but her memories of the Crosby family at Mass at Our Lady of Angels Chruch were sharper.

"He always was a very religious an," she recalled," and so was his fe. I'd see her at church in mid ek, as well as at Sunday serv-s."

"Kathryn was more outgoing," she said. "Bing was a bit more reserved."

It was this quality that several neighbors mentioned. They talked about a man who seemed to treasure the opportunities to step out of the spotlight and become an ordinary and private person.

He wasn't the sort of person to try to hide behind sunglasses or duck out side doors, they said, but he did have a reserve that tended to keep him out of the center of gatherings.

Mrs. Crosby was the community figure, they related. She taught part-time at the Crocker School, where many of the community's children study during the day. Bing had insisted that the children attend that public school, neighbors noted.

The pressure of being perhaps the world's most famous entertainer crowded him despite his efforts to be ordinary.

A Hillsborough police officer related that the station occasionally received calls from the Crosby home because teen-agers would drive up the driveway just to say they'd done so. Finally an electronically operated gate was installed.

The police officer pointed to an expanse of green lawn off the patio of the handsome white bricks chateau. "He had to take the swimming pool out of there when they moved in about 10 years ago. There would just have been too many kids trying to sneak in for a quick dip so they could say they'd had a swim in Crosby's pool."

The Crosbys were regular visitors to the pool and gold links at the Burlingame Country Club, where young Bill Roddy used to caddy for Bing.

Roddy, a teen-ager in bare feet and T-shirt, was visibly disturbed as he waited with a friend outside the gate to be admitted to the house.

"I was just talking to Nate (Nathaniel, Bing's youngest son) about his dad when he played golf yesterday," he said ." We were talking about what great shape his dad was in. You know, he used to lift weights when he was in his 60s.

"He was like a grandfather to me. I never knew my grandparents, and he was a guy you could always go to for advice and help.

"He would walk by the house and we'd be cooking something, and he'd come in and visit. And kid around — he was always kidding me about how tall I was and how big my feet were. You know, not mean kidding, but funny.

"He was a great guy, the greatest. I can't tell you how much I'm going to miss him."

London wanted more

LONDON (AP) — There weren't enough tickets at the London Palladium to meet the demand for what turned out to be Bing Crosby's last appearance, the theater general manager says.

Louis Benjamin of the Palladium, where Crosby ended a two-week, sell-out run Monday, said yesterday that he had just written to Crosby trying to book him for another appearance when he heard of the singer's death in Spain.

"He was one of the greatest gentlemen I have ever met, both on and off the stage. He was a great professional and wonderful to work with," Benjamin said.

Dorothy Lamour. la corte del rey arnett. ● «El vals de Billy Wilder. ;. ● «Top of the d Miller, con Ann high», de Frank n Moore. ● «Mr. iard Haydn, con Champion y Peggy ene el novio», de n Jane Wyman y ● «Just for you», con Natalie Wood y Jane Wyman. ● «Ruta de Bali», de Hal Walker, con Bob Hope y Dorothy Lamour. ● «Navidades blancas», de Michael Curtiz, con Rosemary Clooney, Danny Kaye y Vera Allen. ● «The country girl», de George Seaton, con Grace Kelly y William Holden. ● «Anything goes» (segunda versión del musical de Cole Porter, rodada en 1956), de Robert Lewis, con Donald O'Connor y Mizty Gaynor. ● «Alta sociedad», de Charles Walter, con Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra y Louis Armstrong ● «Say one for me», de Frank Tashlin, con Debbie Reynolds. ● «Pepe», de George Sidney, con Cantinflas. ● «High time», de Blake Edwards, con Nicole Maurey ● «El multimillonario», de George Cukor, con Marilyn Monroe e Yves Montand. ● «Ruta de Hong Kong». (También conocida en España como «Dos frescos en órbita»), de Norman Panama, con Bob Hope y Dorothy Lamour. ● «Robin and the seven hoods», con Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin y Sammy Davis, Jr.

Bing's widow: 'He'd had a good round'

By Bill Boldenweck

Kathryn Crosby was a study in class yesterday in the face of her great personal tragedy.

She met with reporters on the patio of her home with such poise and composure that even the most hardened of them were moved.

She walked from the house accompanied by Nathaniel, the Crosbys' youngest child, and introduced herself with a handshake for each reporter and photographer. Then she thanked them for coming.

"I'm very glad you're here," she said. "It's very helpful to support each other."

She might have been announcing the start of a charity drive but for the redness around her eyes and the paleness that cosmetics had been unable to conceal.

And under the white iron table she clutched Nathaniel's hand fiercely in her lap.

She faltered very slightly, very briefly, as she described the details of her husband's death. Otherwise her poise was unshaken.

And though it was unspoken, it became obvious that the Crosbys were a very loving and very happy family, and that there was a certain salvation in the reports of a quick, simple and easy death.

"Bing had been in Spain with a friend, a Mr. Zulueta," she said, "and I had just been talking with him on the phone.

"He said that they had played 18 holes and that Bing had had a very good round — I'd like that to be said.

"Mr. Zulueta asked him if he was tired, and Bing had said 'No, I'm not. It's a very easy course, not much of it uphill.' They had gone to the locker room, and then Bing fell."

Her voice broke, but she immediately recovered.

"They had an infirmary there, with a doctor, and oxygen, so I'm sure that anything that could have been done was done, and that he had only momentary discomfort."

She smiled slightly and added, "I can't think of a better way for a golfer who sings for a living to go — to have finished a good round."

Her son, Harry, was in London preparing to go to college, she said. Also there was the Crosbys' longtime butler, Alan Fisher. The two would go together to Spain to take Crosby to Los Angeles for burial.

Her daughter, Mary Frances, was coming home from San Francisco where she had been studying with the American Conservatory Theater drama school.

"Bing was very proud of Nathaniel," she said, "he's a one handicap golfer, and he had good reason to be very proud of all his children."

She said that one of Bing's joys in the recent summer months was taking Nathaniel around the pro golfing tour circuit to see the matches.

Nathaniel smiled shyly as he said he will be 16 on October 25. Softly he said, "I got much closer to him as we had a chance to go around alone together.

"In San Diego in July he ordered a beer for me and told the waitress it was a chaser for him," he said. His mother forgot herself and shot him an "Oh, my," look that mothers sometimes have when they peek into the world of fathers and sons.

"Bing had been working very hard lately," Mrs. Crosby said. "He was planning to go back to London on Nov. 21 for the Royal Variety Show for Her Majesty's Charities.

"And he was looking forward to going to Japan and Australia. The family tour through Britain was a great success."

She explained that funeral arrangements had not been completed but that services will be in Los Angeles next week. It will be a low Mass, she said, and Bob Noonan, who plays the organ at St. Mary's Cathedral and who worked with us at the Laguna Honda Christmas shows, will play.

Crosby will be buried in the family plot in Los Angeles, she said, where his parents, his brother Larry, and his first wife, Dixie, are buried.

Those who wish to make contributions in his memory can do so to the Bing Crosby Fund at Pebble Beach, funded by the annual Crosby Clambake golf tournament, which supports hospitals and student loan funds.

Mrs. Crosby had been in San Francisco, recording a reading program, when she was informed of her husband's death.

It was about an hour later when she arrived at the home alone, driving her silver Mercedes sports coupe, and swept through the electronic gate and up the drive.

Capt. Ernie Lena arrived, drove up to the house, then returned to the gate to call reporters together. "Mrs. Crosby has asked me to invite you to join her on the patio in a few minutes, where she can talk to you all at once after she's had a chance to compose herself. The maid is getting up some coffee for you."

A reporter thanked him. "Don't thank me," he replied, "thank her. She's a super person."

And he was right.

The shock of Bing's death

President Carter made this statement yesterday on Crosby's death:

"For all the roads he traveled in his memorable career, Bing Crosby remained the gentleman, proof that a great talent can be a good man despite the pressures of show business.

"He lived a life his fans around the world felt was typically American: successful yet modest, casual but elegant."

Rudy Vallee, a contemporary of Crosby and a show business legend himself, said: "I think he was the greatest natural-voiced singer of us all.

"The thing that sold me in those days (1920s and '30s) was a sexy quality to my voice," said Vallee, 76. "But my voice was nasal. Bing always chose low keys with the tone away down in his throat. I dropped my keys because of Bing. No one had a voice like Bing then."

Frank Sinatra, who followed Crosby's crooner tradition, said: "The death of Bing Crosby is almost more than I can take. He was the father of my career, the idol of my youth and a dear friend of my maturity.

"Bing leaves a gaping hole in our music and in the lives of everybody who ever loved him. Thank God, we have his films and his records providing us of his warmth and his talent forever."

Perhaps most shaken by news of Crosby's death was Bob Hope, his longtime friend who had conducted a joking on-stage "feud" with Crosby for decades.

"I still don't believe it," Hope said in a telephone interview from New York's Waldorf Astoria. "I'm absolutely numb.

"I spoke to him on the telephone and he seemed in great spirits," said Hope, who had been planning yet another "road" picture with Crosby and Lamour, "The Road to the Fountain of Youth."

"He was playing golf and everything. I can't understand what happened. I guess he was more hurt in that fall than we realized."

Hope immediately canceled a benefit performance scheduled for last night.

Dorothy Lamour said she heard of Bing's death on the radio as she was reading a newspaper story about plans for the three of them to make one more film.

"I couldn't believe it," she said. "It's such a great loss. Bing Crosby was an individual person. He was Bing Crosby. He was a wonderful man, a religious man. My only wish is that his road to heaven is as happy as our other roads were.

"I always was closer to Bob (Hope) but they were both like big brothers to me, teasing me."

His last appearance in this country was on Aug. 16, when he broke in his new act for the Palladium at the Concord Pavilion. He got a standing ovation.

"Road to the Fountain of Youth" was to be the last road picture for Crosby, Hope and Lamour.

Mel Shavelson, who wrote the screenplay, summarized the plot: "An Arab sheik discovers the fountain of youth on an island, and all his harem drink from it.

"But when Bing and Bob drink from the fountain they find it doesn't work for them."

It doesn't matter. Bing Crosby discovered the fountain of youth years ago. And it did work for him.

INSIDE TODAY

Bing Crosby's last farewell

THE last message Bing Crosby recorded before his death in Spain on Friday was played to members of the International Crosby Circle at their annual meeting in Leeds yesterday.

It was decided to go ahead with the meeting, at the Mansion Hotel, Roundhay, attended by delegates from many parts of Britain.

After standing in silent tribute, they heard Crosby's recorded message. He said he wished he had been able to attend their "great gathering." The message ended: "I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." — P.7.

Nice Guy

PERHAPS the most striking feature of Bing Crosby's career was that, to the very end, he remained such a magnet for all ages and generations, despite the fact that he was basically so "square."

On the face of it, his romantic melody-making, quiet charm, conventional dress and stable family life were the antithesis of the way the world has been going over the past 20 years—and especially his own world of show-biz. But old-fashioned values, it seems, still have their deep and universal appeal.

BING CROSBY: A PERSONAL MEMORY

A Golf Commentary by P. A. WARD-THOMAS

ONE summer morning a few years ago the phone rang and Bing Crosby asked whether I could join him for golf at St George's. I could not make the journey to Sandwich and suggested that he might come to Norfolk and play at Brancaster. To my delight he agreed, and a day or so later he caught the early train from Liverpool Street and arrived at Downham Market, bearing his driver and spoon and a light case.

As we mounted the hill from where one has a first sight of the links between the marsh and the sea I remarked that he was about to see the antithesis of an American club. The facilities at Brancaster are far from elaborate, and we would not have them otherwise, but I had no thought of apology in mind, knowing that Bing, a devoted anglophile, appreciated the simple values of British golf. No golfer that I have known had a deeper understanding of the game, down to its very roots. He loved it, not for the rewards it might bring or the publicity sought by lesser mortals in his profession, but for its intrinsic merits.

We played that day with Tom Harvey and Bobby Selway and all was sunshine and enjoyment. He neither said nor did anything beyond the call of a sociable day's golf; that was all he sought and so there was little talk of his other world. We were all impressed with the ease of Bing's striking. His woods had soft shafts and, as many must have seen in television matches, the swing was slow and measured almost to the point of laziness, but he rarely mishit a shot and always played within himself. His swing was modelled on that of Macdonald Smith and I am sure that golf came as naturally to him, as had his singing, which "had never seemed like work, I got such a kick out of it". And rhythm is the key to good golf.

Whenever or wherever one played with him, and thousands would agree, one was aware of the quiet pleasure he took in amiable talk and gentle ribbing with his friends, without losing sight of the task at hand. There was nothing of the legendary star of show business about Crosby the golfer, either on the course or, for that matter, off it. He was completely without affectation.

Wonderfully Unhurried

His golf was revealing of himself. He was a wonderfully unhurried person. In all the times I spent with him he showed no hint of impatience or intolerance, and yet he was decidedly positive, a man who knew precisely what he was about. He said once that "golf has been one of the most profound influences on my career. People say I am relaxed and casual—that's why I get away and play a little golf now and then."

This was an understatement for he played frequently in the later years, taking great pleasure in playing with Harry and Nathaniel, his two sons from his second marriage to Kathryn. Both play well and Nathaniel could develop into a first-class golfer.

Crosby first came to the attention of the British golfing public in the 1950 Amateur championship at St Andrews. Although he had not played the Old Course before, he opened with two threes. I doubted then that he was seriously intent on winning but simply wished to take part, as a low handicap entitled him. He strolled round, whistling to himself and puffing his pipe, pursued by an adoring mob, and lost on the 16th.

The following year he was elected a member of the Royal and Ancient, and a few years ago presented a silver trophy for a competition open to golfers over 60 from the three St Andrews clubs.

Few golfers can have played on as many courses, including all the famous ones in Britain, as far north as Dornoch, to which he made a special pilgrimage.

Crosby would have been a splendid writer on golf, as he was a commentator on television, not only because of his perception but because he had a rare feeling for words. One was always aware of an alert and articulate mind. When in 1976 Nicklaus had his horrific 45 on the last nine at Pebble Beach, when in sight of winning Crosby's tournament, the earliest mail brought a letter describing the downfall in detail. It ended with three sentences, admirable in their simplicity. "He [Nicklaus] never lost his smile. He was just in disbelief. But he continued to play."

Crosby came to golf in the late twenties while making the *King of Jazz* film and eventually had a handicap of two and played in several championships. In 1937 he started his great tournament, still the foremost of its kind, which has made substantial contributions to youthful causes. Since 1947 it has been held on the noble Monterey courses. Bing was a member of Cypress Point, no small distinction, and when last I heard, was one of only two people to have holed the famous 16th in one.

One year I was his guest at the tournament and when we met for the first time at San Francisco airport I had an odd feeling that I had known him for a long while. Such were the ease and friendliness of the man that there was no strangeness. Aside from the pleasure his voice gave to countless millions, golf was blessed that he loved it, and that lives of those about him the richer for having known a most uncommon human being.

But as Bing would have said, on with the show . . .

IN TRUE show business tradition, members of the International Crosby Circle held their annual meeting in Leeds yesterday — two days after the death of Bing Crosby. It coincided with a memorial Mass in London's Westminster Cathedral.

Although there were some tears among the 60-strong gathering at the Mansion Hotel, Roundhay, as they listened to a taped message from Crosby and played his records, they were determined to continue with the planned business meeting and dinner.

As Mr. Michael Crampton, a 34-year-old electrical engineer from Chapel Allerton, Leeds, and the meeting organiser, put it: "It would be easy for us to be solemn and sad and have a wake.

"I am determined this will not happen. The show will go on, just as Bing would have wished."

Mr. Crampton, a Crosby fan since he was 12, said the Yorkshire Post obituary and tribute was the best he had read.

Mr. James Dineen, 51, of Glasgow, who knew Crosby well and has been a fan for 43 years, showed his film of the singer, shot in the Lake District and Scotland during the past ten years.

"The last time I saw Bing, a few weeks ago, he sang: 'I belong to Glasgow' for me. His death is a terrible blow; like losing a member of the family," said Mr. Dineen.

As Crosby's recorded voice crooned "Where the blue of the night . . .", Mr. Reg Bristow, 61, of South Wales, the circle's secretary, said: "He would rather have us here letting our hair down than being morbid.

"Bing appealed to all ages. We have members aged 14 — and there is such a legacy of records, TV and radio shows that his memory will live on," added Mr. Bristow.

In a message to the circle, recorded during his recent British tour, Crosby said he would have liked to visit Leeds, but hoped his greetings would suffice.

The memorial Mass was attended by more than 2,000 Crosby fans.

They heard the cathedral's administrator, Canon Oliver Kelly, praise the 73-year-old singer's modesty and integrity, and recall the pleasure he brought to millions.

"I'm sure you felt, as I did, that when the news of his death spread across the world, there was a pause, there was a moment of solence of regret, that a special voice had been stilled, a sense that a personality had gone from us," Canon Kelly said.

Repose characterised Bing Crosby's life and style, he said.

Mr. Mike Crompton plays Bing's last tape in Leeds.

Bing Crosby, en sus años jóvenes en que comenzaba a triunfar

Crosby se casó al morir su esposa (1957) con una enfermera treinta años más joven que él

THE LEEDS EVENT

The timing was savage; the weather matched - dark, gloomy, sombre, foggy. The chief organiser's wife - Judy (Mrs. Michael Crampton) was admitted to hospital within an hour of my reaching Leeds on the Saturday evening....I had the shocking news of a very tragic bereavement to another of our Leeds friends ....and Bing had been gone for just 24 hours.... So how, bearing in mind all the circumstances, was Leeds a success and turned out to be, with sombre reservations, highly enjoyable? Part of the answer must be contained in what you see on the opposite page.

I was packing my bag on the preceding Friday evening just before the nine o'clock news, happily contemplating my annual trip to Leeds to meet my friends - some old, some perhaps newer - but friends nonetheless on account of friendly letters. I was thinking of how very congenial these meetings turn out - tons of Bing, records, films, tapes, chat....then that "still" picture of Bing was flashed onto the small screen. With millions of others, my heart seemed to drop straight into my shoes.

What now? Well, I don't suppose anyone took in the news completely - it was so unexpected. Bing had so reassured those of us who WERE worried about what he had been doing over here. I know that as soon as the tour finished at Brighton I said a silent "Thank Heavens, Bing made it and he's fit and well....."

> I rang Michael Crampton at Leeds; Yes, we must go on with the meeting. Much too late to cancel now. And what shouldn't we carry on anyway? Bing would smile at the thought of us cancelling the event. Finally, surely we wanted that gathering now more than ever....

So, it was on; I was about to depart for some sleep around midnight when - BBC-Wales representative was at the door. Could I do an appreciation of Bing on BBC-Wales at 8.am. next morning....so I did, and in the course of the interview/appreciation, the interviewer remarked that she understood I was off to Leeds for the annual Crosby get-together. I made the forecast over the air that it must now turn out to be a very gloomy affair....

How wrong could I be? True, it wasn't the gay, high-spirited affair it usually is - how could it be? But there was an air of communion, kindred spirits brought together. The YORKSHIRE POST story opposite gives a fair indication of the spirit prevailing.

For Michael and yours truly the first couple of hours were daunting. On the journey up to Leeds from South Wales I had seen the flaring, glaring, newspaper placards - BING DIES, BING CROSBY DEAD, BING DIES IN SPAIN... thumping home the fact that it WAS true, it hadn't been a nightmare. I was buying papers all the way up North - and it began to dawn on me just what HAD happened. So perhaps we shouldn't have been too surprised to find when we arrived at the Mansion Hotel that the place was lit-up for television - with hordes of TV, radio and newspaper reporters all anxious to get our reactions to the passing of Bing...and the item that really captured the TV interest in particular was when Michael produced the brief tape of greetings to the meeting that John Bassett had obtained for us. As Bing's cheery words came out one could feel the atmosphere - the recognition perhaps that not only was this probably Bing's very last greeting to ANYONE - but it was to the ICC, a voice from the grave the more pyshcic among us might have romanced. It was an electrifying - and highly satisfying moment.

As many will have seen, our meeting made the National BBC news that Sunday night of October 16. None of us present at the meeting were able to see it, of course, for we were still "in session" as it were and there was no TV set conveniently handy. It is understood that Michael was seen making his call for: BING WOULD HAVE WANTED US TO CARRY ON...and placing the tape message on the amplifier.

> I feel it is a very long shot, for it must have been an unexpected item in the news bulletin, but if anyone did just happen to tape it we would be greatly obliged to know - and to receive a copy of it.

We were late starting the proceedings owing to the demands of the reporters but finally got under way and after Michael Crampton's spirited opening, it fell to me to address, as usual, the assembled guests. But it wasn't as usual. Normally I like to take advantage to have a light-hearted chat, getting to know the newcomers, renewing acquaintance with those who are "regulars" - and getting THEM to know one another. This time, however, the situation was absolutely and completely unique: what we had secretly dreaded had happened. So, how does one speak on such occasion, with a heavy heart? Quite frankly, I cannot now tell you for I do not in any way recall what I said....my endeavour was to make it appropriate. But it was difficult...very, very difficult.

However, we were soon back to music - the music of Bing; Frank Murphy presented some records he had earlier played on a record programme over the air - while once more, Michael and I were waylaid for more interviews. Frankly, I'm not geared for this sort of notoriety and would gladly have dispensed with it.

But things became more like old times by the time dinner was served around five o'clock - and occupied virtually the next two hours! Ceremony was dispensed with at "toast" time; your Editor proclaimed that no-one present needed an eulogy on Bing - the subject of the toast - and forthwith recalled absent friends - so many members, for example, in Australia who would love to be present at these events. It was recalled, too, that we had earlier in the year suffered the first of two devastating blows in 1977 - the death of our great friend, Bob Roberts. A minute's silence was observed in memory of Bing and Bob.

Then we were back to music, and our Northern friend, JOHN JOYCE, of Gateshead, regaled us with a fine selection of the MACK SENNETT "shorts". Such showings never fail; the plots are ludicrous enough to be funny today. But the singing! Many of us believe that for some strange quirk, Bing provided some of his finest vocal efforts for these somewhat nondescript films.

> AND IN THIS CONNECTION, YOU WILL EAGERLY SEE ELSEWHERE THE GREAT NEWS THAT AN ALBUM IS BEING ISSUED CONTAINING THESE VERY EARLY SOUNDTRACKS WITH THEIR FABULOUS SONGS AND EQUALLY FABULOUS SINGING BY BING FROM THOSE FAR-OFF DAYS.

James Dineen, Glasgow, followed with a very comprehensive series of cine-film of Bing playing golf on the famed Scottish courses.

Despite the on-the-spot rearrangement of the proceedings, caused by the advent of the press, TV &c. it did turn into a most enjoyable Event. I myself would have liked more time to get to know the many new members - new to Leeds I mean - and chat with them. But, it was an unusual meeting - and of course, completely unique. And as was declared there, we owe Michael Crampton a real debt in arranging things for us despite his domestic pressure. And for setting the tone of the meeting with his clarion call! On with it, Bing would have wanted it.

Thus, the Leeds event in this momentous year of 1977; indicative, perhaps, of the mood of members was the discussion that took place regarding next year's get-together! What better indication of enthusiasm? Because of the fog mentioned at the start of our report - and because, alas, it has dogged our meetings in earlier years - the question was raised as to : Should we hold it at a different time of the year - Spring, Summer at least as opposed to potentially foggy Autumn whilst ruling out the Winter proper? Furthermore, should we change to a buffet-style event whereby more time could be spent on discussion, films and other items or should we stick to the slap-up dinner with all that goes with it? As I recall, no-one wanted a drastic change in the time of the year; it is a dark-evenings event and that rules out high summer. Allowing for the need to try and avoid fog, why not make it just slightly earlier - in September, say? In any case, we got the impression some of our members get tied up playing or umpiring cricket matches! And certainly we were unanimous that we wanted the sit-down pukka dinner. Now, if anyone seriously disagrees with (a) September as the time, and (b) sit-down-dinner will they please write to Mike Crampton giving their views at 19 Carrholm Crescent, Chapel Allerton, Leeds, W. Yorks. It may sound a bit ridiculous, too, but if anyone can, this early, say they have every intention of coming, Mike will be encouraged to reserve so far in advance the very best accommodation at the Mansion Hotel.

> Mind you, I was rather relieved to see so many people there...the newspaper, I believe, said 69. I'm certain there were many more than that present...but I was saying: it was a relief, seeing that in the last issue we gave the date as Sunday, 19th October when there was, of course, no such day!! Happily, the intending guests used their commonsense and interpreted it as the 16th, for which many thanks. Actually, I copied the notice sent to me without looking at the calendar. Not that I offer that as an excuse!

During the evening, by the way, Peter Diffley had the happy idea of suggesting a whip-round (or collection) for the two people we mentioned above. A tidy sum was thus shared between Judy Crampton and Mick Drury. We mention this only because both of these kind people INSIST on repeating their thanks to all concerned thro' these pages. Judy was soon out of hospital and is on the road to Al condition, we're happy to say. Mick, alas, will take a lot longer to get over his personal bereavement. But to both go our wishes for a speedy change in their fortunes. And we want Mick back commentating on our record choices next year.....

IMPORTANT: IMPORTANT: IMPORTANT: IMPORTANT: IMPORTANT: IMPORTANT: IMPORTANT

In accordance with Mrs. Crosby's wishes, and in the absence of the opportunity to contribute to floral tributes for Bing's interment, we hereby launch our appeal for donations which will go - as also expressed by Kathryn - to HM. The Queen's Silver Jubilee Appeal, destined for a variety of charitable purposes. An independent member has kindly acceded to our request to be steward, or trustee, of the monies donated and will in due course present it to the correct authority together with a certificate of receipt. Donations will be acknowledged in future issues of BING; NAMES but not amounts. There is no fixed sum - it depends entirely on members. Please send such donations, therefore, to: AND ONLY to:

MR. JOHN BIGNELL,
21, St. Andrews Avenue,
WEMBLEY, MIDD'X.

The money collected will be audited and certified by

(MISS PAT FORSTER,
(11 Norfolk Close,
(St. Margarets,
(East Twickenham,
(Midd'x.

or anyone else who so desires.

Acknowledgement is hereby made of the following donors, made without solicitation:

MR. MAURICE CHANTREY (BECKENHAM): WM. TOOTLE (ST. HELENS): W. H. EWERT (BICKLEY) KEN PERRY (CARDIFF): TREVOR WAGSTAFF (HORNCHURCH) - TO WHOM OUR THANKS. WE SINCERELY HOPE A SUBSTANTIAL SUM WILL GO TO THE QUEEN'S FUND IN MEMORY OF BING CROSBY.....

KEEPING WITH BERT BISHOP TRACK

This is going to be a heavily charged section of BING for a while, as might be expected. Records are going to cascade now that the Master has departed. It is to be hoped that some enterprise will be shewn and that the reissued re-issues will not continue to be reissued. In other words, that some of the more elusive and highly desirable tracks will make their appearance. We have the feeling, however, that real enterprise will be needed for perhaps the "masters" have long been lost or destroyed and it will be necessary to obtain "clean" copies from collectors to compile albums. The sort of track we have in mind - as examples - could be YOU'VE GOT ME CRYING AGAIN, PLAYING WITH FIRE, SOMEDAY WE'LL MEET AGAIN, FOR LOVE ALONE, THINE ALONE etc. etc. Meanwhile, we're sure there are going to be some prolific and worthwhile issues....

Editor.

From legendary artist to immortal entertainer was but one short step on an 18th green.....which means of course that Bing will never die - he's just stopped recording.

To say 'just stopped recording' almost implies a situation of marginal concern when, in fact, Bing's last few years on the recording scene have been on an ascending scale in both quantity and quality which none could have envisaged. It was only four years ago that I, and not a few others had come to the conclusion that Bing had almost certainly stopped making records. The single, ITS NOT WHERE YOU START ITS WHERE YOU FINISH, released to round off the fourteen part serial on radio, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BING CROSBY, seemed to confirm Bing's retirement.

Then at Christmas 1973 Bing cut a couple of charity tracks for Old St. Mary's Church in San Francisco, and anxious collectors wrote off for the record in the midst of Bing's traumatic lung operation at the turn of the year. The tracks were not terribly inspiring by performance, but even if this was the end of Bing's recording career we were pleased to have the album and desperately wanted Bing to be still with us, recording or not. Clearly, for a brief golden spell our prayers and wishes were answered - and it is particularly satisfying that this final halcyon period was inspired by Britons, and reached its climax in this island of ours.

And now three years and over a hundred new Crosby vocals later it all ends.., and the poignancy of reviewing Bing's last songs will be apparent to all. Here before us are the final sessions of that mammoth career and to be able to look and listen to them objectively is almost beyond the emotional restriction imposed by Bing's passing - and almost unnecessary. They are the last treasured mementoes of a great voice and a remarkable man.

The supreme modesty of the Old Groaner, however, is part of the legend and sycophantic adulation was something that Bing would always prefer to sidestep. Much rather did he reaily listen to a broader viewpoint, and my own personal tribute will be to write about the new albums as though Bing were still among us. For so long as we have our records and players he surely is. So to -

BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES — UNITED ARTISTS UAS 30116 — UK Stereo — Cassette:TCK 3D116

Beautiful Memories
A Little Love and Understanding
My Resistance is Low
Children
Deja Vu
When a Child is Born
The More I See You
What I Did for Love
Yours Sincerely
We've Only Just Begun
The Woman on your Arm
The Only Way to Go

(Cont.....

If catchiness is the criterion for a good tune then the title track of this last collection from United Artists passes at first inspection. A new song, the construction and tempo were known to few until it had been heard. Certainly I was expecting a slow ballad and, thus, it took me by surprise tinged with a little disappointment, but Bing's infectious whistling and canorous delivery of the lyric soon won me over - and who could deny the charm and suitability of the title? There's a chorus and nice accompaniment from the unmistakeable Pete Moore orchestra here, as ever, strong on percussion and melody counterpoint. However, the album, per se, will be enjoyed more by the general content under the title rather than the title tune itself. I think.

With track 2 Bing comes in strong to a very nice introduction - good in balance with a very healthy sustained performance, musically and vocally. The song itself has an occasional weakness of lyric and construction but Bing holds it together with authority and finally sends it packing with a firm, paternal bon mot and a brand-new image. Not for the first time - nor the last where this album is concerned - Bing sets yet a new standard in the singing of the modern song.

Hoagy Carmichael had a considerable hit with his own recording of his composition MY RESISTANCE IS LOW and he will surely be pleased with this updated version. At least, it sounds updated but that is primarily due to a vigorous orchestration when, in fact, Bing takes it fairly conventionally with a steady pace and the melody strictly adhered to.

CHILDREN is a track that sits well in this collection. Bing is well featured in a subservient arrangement that backs him with elegant and complementary good taste. Having been reviewed in June 1976 ("BING") there is little to add - other than it deserves a prominent place on this LP. My comments at different times also apply to WHEN A CHILD IS BORN and WHAT I DID FOR LOVE, and of those two perhaps only the latter is relevant to this collection of basically philosophical ballads.

DEJA VU is a new song, written by Ken Barnes and Pete Moore. Not an earth-shattering number it is nonetheless a song that suits Bing exceptionally well. The range and pace are very easy for Bing; the melody is straightforward and one feels secure while listening in the sure knowledge that nothing is likely to happen to disturb the general serenity of a pleasant ballad. The entire effect is one of a band-singer taking the vocal at a conventional nightclub or traditional dance.

Side two opens with a very lovely ballad which here, if not murdered, has been very badly mauled. No doubt this track comes into the 'imaginative and contemporary orchestrations' to which the sleeve notes-writer refers. For my money a 'fresh insight' could have been saved for any song but this and I'm most disappointed that Pete, Ken and Bing co-joined to produce the only true tragedy on the LP.

We waited a long time for YOURS SINCERELY and the wait was well worth it. Originally scheduled for the show songs album this Rodgers & Hart song - with verse- comes over as a fine example of the way Bing has almost always handled the theatrical love song....with tasteful adherence to the song in context. Again the orchestra plays second fiddle to Bing and yet one is aware of its stylish presence. The perfect combination in fact.

A modern song much loved and adopted by American colleges is the Paul Williams/ Roger Nichols number WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN. Tho' definitely a young person's song - and the chorus introduces the suggestion of youth - Bing has no trouble in bringing an avuncular interpretation that maintains the inherent expressiveness of a fine lyric. Altogether a very satisfying performance from Bing, orchestra, and chorus.

Undoubtedly a popular track on this LP - even tho' filling an unenviable slot - is the show song-type solibquy THE WOMAN ON YOUR ARM. I don't know the history of it but it is of considerable stature and certainly worthy of Bing's attention. Indeed, it is almost tailor-made for him with its lifespan theme of marital fidelity thro'

fluctuacting fortune. This is a low-key track by Bing; just the right approach, one feels, for it is a very satisfying penultimate track. Closing the album is my personal favourite by a considerable margin. For THE ONLY WAY TO GO Bing slips into top gear for a breezy, free-wheeling swing at the Marvin Hamlisch number which succeeds in every respect. The vigorous arrangement supports Bing's stylish treatment and the entire company round off a very nice album in considerable style.

> The sleeve, in brown and ochres, is tasteful though the main cover photograph of Bing hints at a suggestion of an attempt to copy a 'Forties studio portrait. The rear of the sleeve features a session photo of Bing flanked by Ken Barnes and the musical arranger/conductor Pete Moore. A nice write-up on Bing - still alive at the time - and an astute selection from the lyric of the last song as a reflection of Bing the man...'what you get is what you see'. Its true, too, of this very nice collection of Crosby vocals.

BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES / DEJA VU — United Artists UP 36305 — UK Stereo 45rpm

This is the pre-LP single release taken from the album. The 'takes' are the same as on the released long-player.

'THE CLOSING CHAPTER'

SEASONS — Polydor DeLuxe 2442 151 Stereo UK (Cassette 3170 478)

Seasons	In the good old Summertime
On the Very First Day of the Year	Summer Wind
June in January	Autumn in New York
Spring will be a little Late this Year	September Song
April Showers	Sleigh Ride
June is Bustin' out all Over	Yesterday when I was Young

With SEASONS, Ken Barnes is to be congratulated on writing a very sensitive English lyric to the haunting Gilbert Becaud melody for, in itself, it is an ongoing entity when related to either time of year or of life itself and here, as the album's theme or in the role of Bing's last commercially recorded song - which it is - it says much more than THAT'S WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT and AT MY TIME OF LIFE put together.

Movingly sung to a modern but wholly tasteful accompaniment it reaches a climax of uncanny levitation that to me has Bing happily fading away into his 'beautiful world'. If that comes across as mawkishly sentimental I can only justify it by my genuine reaction each time I hear Bing singing what for me is one of his best album openers for some little while.

Suitably placed in the number two spot is a frothy confection by Messrs. Barnes and Moore extolling the frivolities of the year's festive occasions. Though as skittish and lightweight as a May minnow it holds no problems for the lord paramount of dash-away ditties. Good fun, but the only really quotable line is the sadly prophetic ad lib by Bing right at the end....'What a year!'

Third time around for JUNE IN JANUARY keeps us nicely abreast of the three great ages of Bing. The musical arrangement for this last version has drama and a finesse which makes for an ambitious background to a really fine vocal. Having sung the song so many times - films records and radio - Bing had every chance to bring his long-time acquaintance with every nuance well to the fore - and did so, right royally; so much so that the Robin-Rainger standard is likely to be the hit tune of the album with members and the general buying public at large. Always a favourite in the Crosby repertoire, lucky we are that Bing chose it for inclusion. It must be a very long time since it was newly-recorded, and even then it surely couldn't have matched this, complete-with-verse, lovely blend of voice and orchestra.

Bing takes Frank Loesser's SPRING song gaily in his stride, dismissing any suggestion that this is a song strictly for the distaff side - Deanna Durbin being most-associated with it. The orchestra goes a little wild in the 'eight-bar release' but for the most part its a sympathetic arrangement for a fairly casual approach by Bing: though he comes in very strong for the finale.

You can't beat the old songs when it comes to simplicity of melody line and lyric: corny as Kansas but appealing as a puppy-dog APRIL SHOWERS is one of those musical ditties that would be difficult to sing, or present, badly. The kind of number that you can stamp your own style on and still not blemish or beautify. Come Jolson or jazz groups, minstrels and balladeers, its the song not the singer that survives. This is the Bing version - with only the tiniest nod to Jolie - and its everything one could wish for - whistlin' an'all. Pete Moore's orchestration is a delight to hear; an arrangement which questions the need for some of his more bizarre musical excursions on this and other Bing albums.

> The Johnny Evans Singers come to the fore in the closing track for Side 1, a Rodgers & Hammerstein show song from the 1945 CAROUSEL. Over 30 years later it still retains that crisp, fresh-as-paint appeal. Normally associated with the virile baritone, the song lends itself very comfortably to Bing's easy-going style, which is well supported by the vocal group and musical interpretation.

Bing is again backed by the Johnny Evans Singers for the Side 2 opener. Also a previously-recorded song, and here only a shade of the original. Bing in the 70's is more at home with the slow ballad than the up-tempo tune and rhythmic arrangement, tho' there are some outstanding exceptions. This isn't one of them.

A perfect example of the above comment is the typical Johnny Mercer and Bradtke-Meyer tune for which there is an arrangement of natural constraint that has Bing comfortably encompassed in a beautiful piece of easy listening. By comparison with the preceding track its a minor classic and a reassuring prelude for the good things that follow.

> The first of these is AUTUMN IN NEW YORK. When I heard first that Bing was to record this number I felt he would be hard put to match the very stylish Frank Sinatra version of some note - o Ye of little faith!. However, my fears were unfounded for Bing's majestic baritone dignifies still further this Vernon Duke standard. Its a remarkable piece of singing, bearing in mind the range over which Bing rides with elegant perfection. Pete Moore contrived a heady arrangement that stands as a fine example of the perfect backing for the 70's Bing, bringing relevance to any conceived notions of good taste. A lovely track.

Although 34 years have elapsed since Bing first recorded SEPTEMBER SONG with John Scott Trotter the years have in no way dimmed the resulting performance. In fact, I would unhesitatingly venture that this new recording is infinitely superior. Whereas Bing had been straining on the high notes, here, by a sensible and very necessary drop in register, the total effect is one of complete accord with words and music. The addition of the verse is a bonus of meaningful promise amply fulfilled, and when Bing interposed the completely natural-sounding chuckle as he let's the 'old earth take a couple of whirls' he stepped across and in front of the great Chevalier. (Sorry, Maurice - but as you step to the rear you'll find that on this album you're in fairly good company!)

There's no accounting for taste - good or bad - and perhaps its mine that's in the minority by my not taking kindly to SLEIGH RIDE. As a track almost the entire fragmented three minutes is at odds with itself and sounds as though it were put together in the coffee-break. Any suggestion of winter, snow and tinkling horse-drawn sleds is bulldozed aside by a musical grossness that is all the more remarkable by the juxtaposition with its neighbouring tracks. Normally a very suitable song for Bing, he sounds rather lost in this unaccountable blizzard. A hazardous ride.

If at the first listening at least, you can take in Bing singing YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS YOUNG without welling even the hint of a tear then your sensitivity may well

be called into question! The final track is a classic summation of the way Bing's voice developed over the past year or two. Practice, and the desire to show well under good production command being very evident by the results we have before us on this and other recent albums. Its all here in every word and line - the phrasing and diction - quality of tone and timbre and impeccable delivery that add up to a meaningful and beautifully sung ballad by Bing.

But that's only for the analytical - just sit back and let the sound of Bing creep into your ears singing at the peak of a new perfection that can never now be surpassed. Lend an ear, Aznavour, and others whose associated songs are featured in this last collection. Lend an ear and take your lesson...the master is singing.

The folding-sleeve represents a nice tribute to Bing, and it is clear that the album was held up whilst being compiled subsequent to Bing's death. The front-is piece features a recent photo of Bing so carefully posed that he's stuck with one of those rather inane looks we tend to get at such times. Its very realistic, though, and has in its hint of a dark-edged frame, quite a 3-D effect - the background being a 'blow-up' of one of the seasons' illustrative photographs used on the rear: the first one. BING CROSBY: SEASONS THE CLOSING CHAPTER states the elegant cover, and turning it over there are all the details nicely set out by way of three titles under each of four seasonally progressive pictures. A black and white studio shot from the 'Forties - as used on THE A TO Z OF BING CROSBY - sits under a heading which reads 'This Album is the last Commercial Recording by BING CROSBY 1903-1977 - the dates may not be accurate on two counts. Year of birth and the uncertainty as to the possible commercial use of some subsequent recordings. Credits go to the usual sources, including the ICC thro' Reg and Leslie, the American Club Crosby, and Frank Murphy's Photo Club.

Opening the folder reveals eleven photographs of Bing taken throughout his career. They punctuate a double-spread write-up by Ken Barnes on the making of the album and introducing it by his personal reactions to the out-of-the-blue announcement of Bing's demise; the sleeve notes being date-lined 15th October, 1977 - the day after the world at large lost its number one friend.

Three letters from Bing to Ken are reproduced and there are footnote tributes from Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Perry Como, Bob Crosby, Irving Berlin, Tony Bennett, Frankie Laine and Peggy Lee - who says: 'There is a certain security just thinking about Bing Crosby'. Well, Bing put many a rising performer at ease whilst working with them but I feel that Miss Lee's remark carries beyond the footlights to Bing's friends everywhere.

So, the first and the last, from Polydor; there could, and no doubt would, have been a whole lot more tho' it is unlikely that Chris Harding would have ever pinned an exclusive tag on our 'vocal gadabout'. For Ken Barnes the final stages of production by way of public presentation must have been a very emotional experience. In congratulating him on this 'Closing Chapter' I thank him for all he has done in bringing five lovely albums to fruition and for the pleasure it has afforded me in reviewing them.

SEASONS / ON THE VERY FIRST DAY OF THE YEAR Polydor 2058 952 UK 45rpm

This single features the first two tracks from the above album.

BING - 1975-76 / BING - 1931 Decca DBC 1/2 UK 2-LP stereo-mono. £4.99 Cassette KDBC2 8079 £4.99

DBC 1

I'm Getting Sentimental Over You
As Time Goes By
The Rose in her Hair
Stars fell on Alabama.
That Old Black Magic.
Once in a While -2

(cont over....)

Where the Morning Glories Grow
Time on My Hands -2
Nevertheless
Spanish eyes (a different recording)
At Last
There's Nothing that I haven't Sung About

DBC 2

Where the Blue of the Night -A
Just One more Chance
I'm Thru' with Love
I Found a Million-Dollar Baby
I Apologise
Dancing in the Dark
Stardust
Sweet and Lovely
Can't We Talk it Over?
I Found You -A
Dinah
A Faded Summer Love
Now that You're Gone
Goodnight, Sweetheart.

Coming on the market with perfect timing for Christmas is the double LP set by Decca as their tribute to Bing. Prime mover of the project is old friend Geoff Milne who has seen to it that everything by Bing that is Decca's copyright is now in their catalogue; and this includes alternate takes from the early years as well as more recent recordings - so we cannot complain that collectors are not catered for by this handsome folding album.

There are several 'firsts' on this set, not the least of which is the unique presentation of two separately styled records - a modern stereo and a vintage mono. Each is clearly distinctive, both visually and aurally and comes in a very attractive double sleeve. There are no unnecessary frills, for both the front and rear of the sleeve carry full picture head and shoulders photographs of Bing with just his one word signatory name and the respective years for each record and the Decca credit and catalogue number. The front sleeve carries the BBC photo which was the centre page picture for the 1977 Palladium souvenir brochure, whilst the rear sleeve features that lovely shot of Bing singing at a microphone that was used for Ace of Hearts AH40 - BING - THE EARLY THIRTIES VOL 1 - only a little bit larger.

Opening out the sleeve reveals ten photographs dating from around 1931 thro' to the last but one taken on that fateful 14 October, 1977. The very last picture of Bing was a little fuzzy and certainly less suitable than this golfing swing-shot. Altogether a very likeable and representative selection, occupying nearly three-quarters of the double spread. The rest of it is taken up by title listings, with 'take' numbers and recording dates and a 500-word tribute by Geoff Milne who has no compunction in calling Bing 'the greatest entertainer of all time'. Sheer logic decrees that even the much-admired Al Jolson must now make way for Bing in that honoured role.

With the actual records the modern album takes some selections from the last three Decca releases and adds three brand new recordings plus a couple of alternate 'takes' from FEELS GOOD, FEELS RIGHT songs. There is also an original vocal by Bing of SPANISH EYES and not the overdub that was used for the BINGO VIEJO album. There are less ad lib Crosbyisms and more sheer Bing on this newer version of that Latin-type song which seems balanced more favourably to Bing - and I think I prefer it.

On FEELS GOOD 'take' -3 was used for the two songs which are here above marked as 'take' -2. There are definable differences. On ONCE IN A WHILE Bing sings 'knowing you'll think of me' with this new release as against 'knowing THAT you'll think of me' originally. The track runs five seconds longer on the new album and the accompaniment has been brought up a bit. With TIME ON MY HANDS the introduction has been cut and the track runs for 15 seconds less. There are no word changes and only Bing's phrasing is minimally different. It makes an interesting variation on a lovely recording.

> Coming to the totally new tracks, I'M GETTING SENTIMENTAL OVER YOU has the lush Alan Cohen accompaniment in a very melodic arrangement of the well-known Tommy Dorsey theme song. With barely more than an octave to worry about Bing croons the easy-going lyric with simplicity of style that has left intact and uncluttered this very tuneful 'dim lights' ballad. Its a very pleasant track with which to commence a quite varied album.

THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC is a very demanding song to sing and it is not surprising that Bing was undecided about the commercial release of this or the latin-beat version.

It is quite a rangy song with a very tricky verse following the refrain. Bing starts off rather slowly and seems to find the tempo rather restricting. He introduces one or two deviations in phrasing and not all of them are typically Bing. Though he has used all of these musical variations at some time or another there is this slight lack of uniformity of which, I'm sure, Bing was aware. So intent on Bing's singing of the song one becomes hardly aware of the accompaniment, which is sublimely subordinate, though firmly supporting. Its a great standard from Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer and one that until now has been a serious omission from Bing's recorded repertoire. Pleased I am that Bing did make this rather fascinating excursion onto tape with what is usually a fairly torrid number. It will be a well-discussed track I'm sure.

All the new tracks were recorded on 17 August 1976 and the final one to look at here is AT LAST. Its been Bing's policy in recent recordings to include the verse to most of the old standards and this track is no exception. After a beautiful introduction Bing gives us the very likeable verse and, all at a strict tempo, goes into the refrain of this big band song from 1942. Inevitably, the Glenn Miller sound will always be associated with this song but I can honestly say that I've never heard a better vocal to it than Bing's version. The orchestra, as on all the Alan Cohen tracks, is a delight to hear and its nice to know there are still arrangers about who are prepared to keep to a tried and true formula. Pleasure, therefore, at a full album of such accompaniments for Bing that has been so replete as to spill over into this further package of lovely listening. Incidentally, it transpires that Bing's favourite from the FEELS GOOD collection was THE NIGHT IS YOUNG AND YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL and this most likely would have been included had it been known at the time of compilation. That makes me very happy as it is the favourite of many - myself included.

By the inclusion of two songs from SOUTHERN MEMOIR and one from BINGO VIEJO some pace and variation of style and delivery is included to advantage. Everyone will have their own personal favourites from those albums but I'm very happy with a repeat of STARS FELL ON ALABAMA, and WHERE THE MORNING GLORIES GLOW is, and has been, a jolly tune for Bing both on record and in some concerts. By THERE'S NOTHING THAT I HAVEN'T SUNG ABOUT we have a very relevant roundelay as a first record closer of this fine tribute album.

> With Ludwig Von Beethoven gazing sternly from the label of DBC 2 we now that we are back into the realms of vintage tracks - all from 1931. There are 14 songs from that halcyon year, each one a Crosby gem from a time when his solo career had really begun in earnest. These are the songs that Bing was winning over his vast radio audience with, and from then on the only way was up!

By the inclusion of the lovely I FOUND YOU, with accompaniment by Helen Crawford at the theatre organ, a major gap has been filled in enthusiasts' collections - not just because its one that's been missing until now but because its previous omission on LP records. There were good reasons, but all things are possible given the incentive.

There you have it; 26 tracks from three outstanding years of Crosby recordings. There are other outstanding years, of course, and one might easily say that every year was outstanding when Bing recorded. But these are something rather special being from a classical commencement and part of an astonishing conclusion of a success story to end all success stories. His old firm of Decca have done him proud.

WHERE THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT / GOODNIGHT, SWEETHEART Decca F 13740 UK Mono. 45rpm

On this newly-released single there is the alternative 'take' -B of Bing's celebrated signature tune, coupled with a lovely recording of the equally-famous Ray Noble song.

(Cont. over...

MEMBERS ARE REMINDED THAT "KEEPING TRACK" SHOULD BE USED TO BRING UP TO DATE THEIR COPIES OF THE LP-OGRAPHY - STILL AVAILABLE AT £2.50p post paid FROM THE EDITOR.

THERE'S NOTHING THAT I HAVEN'T SUNG ABOUT / AS TIME GOES BY Decca F 13737 UK Stereo 45rpm

Two tracks from both FEELS GOOD, FEELS RIGHT and BING -1975-76

BING & CO MCA MCMF 2775 UK MONO £3.89

An Apple for the Teacher (Connee Boswell)
Gone Fishin' (Louis Armstrong)
Busy Doing Nothing (Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Wm. Bendix)
The Way you Look Tonight (Dixie Lee Crosby)
Mr. Meadowlark (Johnny Mercer)
I'm Falling in Love with Someone (Frances Langford)
Down by the Riverside (Gary Crosby)
Mine (Judy Garland)
If There's Anybody Here from my Home Town (Donald O'Connor)
Dissertation on the State of Bliss (Patty Andrews)
Alexander's Ragtime Band (Al Jolson)
Do You Ever Think of Me? (Merry Macs)
Pennies from Heaven (Louis Armstrong, Frances Langford)
Life is so Peculiar (Andrews Sisters)
Prove it by the Things You Do (Mel Torme and the Mel-Tones)
Misto Christofo Columbo (Jane Wyman)
Put it There, Pal (Bob Hope)
Once and for Always (Rhonda Fleming)
Let's All Meet at my House (Muriel Lane) Woody Herman)
Sam's Song (Gary Crosby)

After a considerable delay here is the long-awaited MCA album that has been discussed with some interest. Not without cause, for there are one or two tracks featured on this LP (of 20 titles) that will come as new to many Crosby collections. I daresay that many of us feel we could have done better in the compilation of the album but it must be borne in mind that for a good sale there must be the big name popular tracks. However, nice to have the Merry Macs, the Mel-Tones, Woody Herman and Muriel Lane, MINE with Judy Garland and this particular version of PENNIES FROM HEAVEN. Slowly but surely our treasured 78s are being logged on LP.

This BING WITH..... LP, though released after Bing's death, was already scheduled as an MCA tribute of a kind; being more concerned with his half a hundred years in the business. There is no change in the presentation and the extensive sleeve notes by Chris Ellis relate to the tracks as featured. Graphically the sleeve is very attractive with the front panel displaying a simulated neon-lit theatre on Broadway at night. A large full-length figure of Bing at a microphone flanks a panel of his guests' names in lights. The title of 'the show' being the albums title. The rear sleeve is white on black with an inset photograph of Bing from the 'Fifties, flanked by the twenty song titles featured. MCA keep to their UK policy of presenting this album monophonically - which pleases most Crosbyophiles.

BING CROSBY MCA GREAT ENTERTAINER SERIES MCA-9284-86 MONO3-LP Boxed Set, Japan

MCA-9284 'Academy Awards'
Around the World
The Way You Look Tonight
Sweet Leilani
Thanks for the Memory
White Christmas
Swinging on a Star
Aren't You Glad You're You?
Mona Lisa.
Bibbidi-bobbidi-boo
In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening
Zing a little Zong
Secret Love
Gigi
Never on Sunday.

MCA-9285 'Standards'
Star Dust
Summertime
Red Sails in the Sunset
I Surrender, Dear
Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams
You Made me Love You
Tea for Two
Some Enchanted Evening
September Song
Beautiful Love
I'll See you in my Dreams
I've Got You under my Skin
Harbour Lights
Hello, Young Lo

MCA-0286 'With Jazz Friends' (Titles of 3rd record continued overleaf.....

I Ain't Go Nobody
Someday Sweetheart
Yes Indeed!
The Birth of the Blues
Its the Talk of the Town
Who's Sorry Now?
Personality
On the Sunny Side of the Street
Pinetop's Boogie-Woogie
I Still Suits Me
Shanghai
I've Got to fall in Love Again
She is the Sunshine of Virginia
All She'd Say was 'Umh Hum'

Glancing over the contents of this very well produced boxed set will bring, at once, pleasure and pain. Pleasure at the wealth of unusual titles and pain at the possibility of non-availability. However, be of some good cheer - this collection has been purchased by one or two members in the UK! It is available from several specialist importers such as Dave Carey at the 'Swing Shop' and the Harlequin chain - particularly are you advised to try their Brent Cross branch. The price varies marginally but should be around the £11 mark.

The strong box and the inevitable (where the Japanese are concerned) accompanying booklet are lavishly illustrated with photographs of Bing, his family, friends and fellow artists on film and record. Full details of every record with all recording data are given in the booklet (tho' the WHITE CHRISTMAS date of 1942 is wrong) and in several instances the full band line-up is given. There are, in English, the lyrics to all the tracks - a nice bonus - and for those who fancy and intricate puzzle to do over Christmas there is a five-page biography and notes on the records, AND a filmography, all in Japanese. I have been able to deduce quite a few names and words in the captions but, PLEASE don't ask for a translation this side of the New Year!

TRUE LOVE / WELL, DID YOU EVAH? Capitol CL 15952 UK Stereo 45rpm

A couple of tracks from HIGH SOCIETY on a new single from Capitol.

WHITE CHRISTMAS / GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN MCA 111 Rainbow Series UK 45rpm

The first 20,000 of this annual will be released with a special printed ca[illegible] sleeve showing Bing in his 'Santa' clothes as used on the MERRY CHRISTMAS LP.

There is news of a possible release of the CBS 2-album set BING CROSBY - THE EARLY JAZZ YEARS VOL 2. That may not be the title but is almost certain to include a lot of titles from CBS noet yet on LP. Hope to have more news for the next issue.

Colin Pugh, Bristol one of the researchers for the LPography, is working on an initial 2-LP compilation of Decca recordings from 1934 up to the commencement of microgroove. This is for MCA and is an official undertaking for them. Finally, a notable coincidence that should not go unrecorded. On the 18th October 1926 Bing cut his first record of thousands. On the 18th October, 1977 Bing was laid to rest.....

Editor: The unscheduled proliferation of KEEPING TRACK has meant, for me, the painful task of omitting members' letters of which there have, understandably, been hundreds and hundreds. So many remark on the allusions contained in so many of Bing's titles recorded in the past 3 years - WHEN I LEAVE THE WORLD BEHIND, BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES, SEPTEMBER SONG, THE ONLY WAY TO GO and so on. I must confess that the fervent style of some of these letters stirred me enormously. They have not been destroyed - and everyone was read and thoroughly appreciated - and may even yet appear as we continue our tributes to the Master in succeeding issues of BING. And, thanks for them, they were marvellous.

As regards KEEPING TRACK, I am many more will not be jumping up and down in excitement at Decca's output as a tribute - it is typical of what was said in the preamble to KEEPING TRACK. So much of it on 10" LPs, then Ace of Hearts, then Vocalion, then and now the new issue. The other album is material issued in the past couple of years. No doubt, to people who did NOT eagerly buy Bing's records as they came out (as all of us do) and want a comprehensive collection of Bing this will be a treasure. True,

I FOUND YOU is a highly desirable insert; but the other minor variations are hardly likely to tempt people already pressed financially, having purchased ninety per cent of the material in the last two years. The MCA BING & CO is little more attractive, too, to anyone with the BING'S HOLLYWOOD and World Records THE VERY BEST OF BING - and that is most of us again.

The Japanese 3-LP set makes a considerable advance on both and shows a fair degree of enterprise and a fair range in dates. But here again, I've letters from members who have seen it in unexpected provincial shops - and turned it down at £13-odd!

And to cap all, I've just received a white-label, un-named, test pressing of two albums from United Artists in America - a kind thought and hardly deserving perhaps of my opinion of it. It consists of an amalgam of the four UK (or so) albums of the past three years. It starts off, Side 1, with the Palladium show, omitting Rosie Clooney's solo...then passes to an assortment from Bing and Fred's COUPLE OF SONG AND DANCE MEN, THAT'S WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT, and AT MY TIME OF LIFE. The fourth side ends with the reprise of the Palladium THAT'S WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT. It will be entitled SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY....cat. no. UA-LA843-L2, and the engineering record sheet is endorsed: RELEASE DATE : RUSH.

An accompanying letter says the tentative release date is January, Feb., M978 with probably concurrent release in Britain and Canada. Now what attraction is THAT going to be? Colin Pugh's current activity MAY bring us something well worth having.

I was glad to see Bert Bishop's approbation of JUNE IN JANUARY on SEASONS.... here, if it were needed, is the classic proof that (most times but not all) they don't write songs like that any more. The melody is instantly memorable; the lyric poetry on its own. DJ's today, intent on their own "with-it" image have soundly derided the belief about old songs - and bring up without fail MAIRZY DOATS, or THREE LITTLE FISHES (acknowledged novelty songs) conveniently forgetting that 95 per cent of today's standards were written in the 20's and 30's. I always associate JUNE IN JANUARY with LOVE IN BLOOM - same period - and that too fulfills the standards of JUNE IN JANUARY. Having said all that, fairness compels me to say that the number that I found myself humming also was A LITTLE LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING on the BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES LP! A softly-swinging arrangement - and plenty of Bing quirks, such as the "...transistor radi-o---o--o" on a descending scale. Well, I try and give credit where its due, do I not? But do notmisunderstand me, I like BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES and SEASONS enormously - in the latter, which soundly confirms Ken Barnes's belief in a "theme" for an album, I am forced to agree with so many correspondents who insist Bing's voice was stronger in the last 3 years. Hitherto, I had been indulgently sceptical. But on SEASONS, forsooth, IT IS STRONGER..... I wonder how much Steve's mike (see Les Gaylor's story of the sessions) helped to that lovely final flourish?

AND NOW FOR SOME NEWS THAT FITS IN NICELY WITH THE ABOVE AND WHAT HAS BEEN SAID ABOUT RECURRING REISSUES:

WE HAVE NEWS FROM D.R.G. RECORDS (UK) LTD, of 5 EGMONT HOUSE, 116 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. They state: I am pleased to forward you information re the release of a new Bing Crosby album on the BIOGRAPH label - and we are now distributing these records in the UK. The previously issued BLPC 13 (BING CROSBY - RARE EARLY RECORDINGS) will be available from us in a few weeks. We are accepting orders for these records NOW, all of which will be despatched as soon as they are available.

> WE WILL BE PLEASED TO SUPPLY YOUR MEMBERS DIRECT AND WE ARE ALSO PLEASED TO OFFER THE NEW ALBUM TO THEM AT A 10% DISCOUNT. THE NORMAL PRICE IS £4.25. YOUR MEMBERS WILL PAY ONLY £3.83 incl. postage (within the UK). WE HOPE BIOGRAPH WILL BE ISSUING FURTHER ALBUMS OF THE EARLY CROSBY RECORDINGS AND WILL INFORM YOU.

This is clearly a fine offer: the new album offered at a discount is:

WHERE THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT MEETS THE GOLD OF THE DAY - BING CROSBY - BLP-M-1-A/B

Side1: When the Folks High Up do the Mean Lowdown.
I Surrender, Dear.
Out of Nowhere.
At Your Command
I Surrender Dear (reprise)
I Surrender Dear (parody)
Wrap your Troubles in Dreams
I'd Climb the Highest Mountain
Just One more Chance.

Side 2: When I Take My Sugar to Tea.
It Must be True
Dream House
Pop Goes the Weasel (parody)
Were you Sincere?
For You
In My Hide-Away
Between the Devil & the Deep Blue Sea.
Lovable.
Snuggled on your Shoulder
My Silent Love.
Auf Wiedersehen, My Dear
Ev'ry Time My Heart Beats
Where the Blue of the Night &c.

For an imported album, the price is more than reasonable. The discount generous. So members would be well-advised to get their orders in - both for the new one, listed here, or the previous one. A lot will depend on the quality of the material represented - but members will instantly perceive that Side 2 contains a lot of the magnificent Bing singing from the Mack Sennett shorts - and mail has time and again told me how desirable this would be. Address your orders to MR. PETER RAWLINGS, who will then know you are an ICC member - and of course, quote us! The discount applies to the record above - BLP-M-1-A A/B. Quote this number, and the full TITLE.

THE INTERNATIONAL CROSBY CIRCLE: HON. SECY. / EDITOR REG BRISTO, 7 Greenmeadow Close, CWMBRAN, GWENT, NP4 3NR. Annual Subs £2.00 - tho' in answer to some new members, membership dates from when you JOIN, and covers FOUR ISSUES OF "BING".

European Members: Sterling equivalent £2.00. Australian ditto; American/Canadian 6 dollars. Members who require the magazine AIR MAIL can have it on payment of a further £2.50p - or five dollars American/Canadian. Australian members must pay the sterling equivalent of £2.50 for air-mail delivery. Postage rates are a heavy, indeed, grievous burden and recent events have required the expenditure on mail to be overwhelming. For that reason, much as I would like to, I cannot enter into lengthy correspondence with overseas members, especially Australian, New Zealand, Canadian and American UNLESS they make provision. I much regret this attitude, but it is for the reasons stated. We WANT to keep subs low as a deliberate non-inflationary policy. The result is they barely cover production of the magazine.

THE LP-OGRAPHY WILL BE POSTED ANYWHERE OVERSEAS FOR £3.00 or its equivalent.

A "CROSS IN THE BOX" INDICATES YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS DUE. EARLY RENEWAL IS A BIG HELP

EVERY EFFORT HAS BEEN MADE TO DEAL WITH THE TRAGIC EVENT OF OCTOBER 14 WITH RESPECT AND DIGNITY. PARTICULAR CARE HAS BEEN TAKEN TO TRY AND INCLUDE MATERIAL THAT MEMBERS SHOULD NOT HAVE SEEN ELSEWHERE. IT IS SINCERELY HOPED THAT MEMBERS WILL FEEL THE OBJECTIVE HAS BEEN ACHIEVED. AGAIN WE WELCOME SO MANY NEW MEMBERS AT THIS SAD TIME.....SAD TIME? THAT WOULD ANNOY BING - SO, DESPITE ALL WE WISH YOU ALL A GOOD CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS 1978.

We're sure Yuletide, forever associated with Bing Crosby, will continue to be so treated - and this Christmas is going to be no exception. We do have the underlying sense of loss, that Bing is no longer around even if we never rubbed shoulders with him, or shook his hand just once..... but consider the bounteous legacy and be thankful that the unique talents - and personality of Bing - are not going to depart from us - easily, if ever.

OUR GOOD WISHES TOO, TO KATHRYN AND HER FAMILY WHO HAVE SO MUCH MORE TO BEAR THIS CHRISTMAS, PERHAPS, THAN WE....

(TRADING POST WILL BE RESUMED) - and we MUST just mention PERRY COMO'S wonderful tributes to Bing in his Parkinson Show on TV, Saturday 26 November. They were unadorned sincerity. Most of us have a regard for Perry - this strengthens it.

ABBREVIATED "TRADING POST" (first received: others in next BING)

ANDREW MANGAN, 3 Goldenbridge Walk, Inchicore, Dublin 8: Owing to theft have lost March '42 Pat O'Brien, V. Borge - April '42 S. Hayward, L. Adler; April '42 Spike Jones, R. Reagan, V. Borge, Bell Telephone Hour with Liza Minelli, both Parkinson Shows - CAN ANYONE HELP BY REPLACING PLEASE?

P. A. FOWKES, 414 Kedelston Rd. Allestree, Derby: WANTS: 78's BRUNS. VICTOR, RCA, HMV. MANY SWOPS....

MIKE SLIPMAN, 153 FRANCKLYN GDNS, EDGWARE, MIDD'X. FOR SALE - BING AND FRED UAS 29888 £1.50p; THAT'S WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT £1.50; BING CROSBY SINGS VL 73603 £5.00; BING IN HOLLYWOOD 2 LPs £7.50p; GREAT COUNTRY HITS (VINE CAPITOL) £1.25p; ALL TOTEM AND SPOKANE LPS £4.50, plus postage (new records). WANTS: ANYTHING GOES, HIGH TOR, AMONG MY SOUVENIRS, DRIFTING & DREAMING, HOLIDAY IN EUROPE: DAY DREAMING: SOME FINE OLD CHESTNUTS: HOW THE WEST WAS WON: BING WITH A BEAT (SCOBEY JAZZ BAND).

J. WOAD, 71 Castle Cres., Thornhill, Dewsbury, W. Yorks: Will swop BINGS TREASURY - THE SONGS I LOVE (LONGINES) 6 LPs without box, good condition for any single LP from any of LAT 8106; LAT 8331 or LAT 8334. Otherwise sell for £5 post paid.

A.E.WILLIAMS, 30 DOBSON RD. NORMOSS, BLACKPOOL, LANCS: HAS CPY OF "CALL ME LUCKY" AND LPs AV. INT. 1018 and PHILIPS BBL 7335 (SAY ONE FOR ME) FOR SALE: WANTS - CL 2830 P. WHITEMAN (COLUMBIA): US 12" HO HO HO 1088 BING & FRANK, GOLDILOCKS ST 3998: UK ASP 2000 ALL STAR CHESTEFIELD, UK ASP 2001 ALL STAR PHILCO.

(WILL MEMBERS PLEASE INSERT SURNAME WHEN WRITING: REGRET IT IS NO LONGER POSSIBLE FOR ME TO POSITIVELY IDENTIFY "JIM", "ALF", "BERT", "ALEC" etc. etc. ON SIGHT!)

DAVID RAPP, 931 DECKER LANE, WARMINSTER, PA. 18974 USA urgently wants Pts 1 and 3 of THE ROAD TO BING CROSBY discog. and HMV (EP) 7EG8405 SWINGING WITH BING. HAVE A GOOD SELECTION OF OUT OF PRINT USA LPs and 45s FOR EXCHANGE.

(SEE PREVIOUS ISSUE FOR PEOPLE WILLING TO TAPE - WILL BE REPEATED & ADDED TO IN NEXT ISSUE OF "BING")

WM, HUNTINGTON, 266 WESTMINSTER RD., MORECAMBE, LANCS: WANTS BING SINGS FOR CHILDREN and BING ON THE HAPPY SIDE. PLENTY OF BING FOR TRADE INCDUDING RARE 78's.

TOM O'CONNOR, 11 FOWLIS DRIVE, FROOKFUR, NEWTON MEARNS, GLASGOW is prepared to beg, borrow, even steal, BING SINGS STEPHEN FOSTER LA8571. OR WOULD LOVE TO BORROW - INSURANCE, POSTAGE &C. PAID.

AN ENQUIRY HAS BEEN SENT TO THE MANAGER OF THE LONDON PALLADIUM AS TO PROCEDURE FOR HAVING PLAQUE COMMEMORATING BING PLACE THERE.....

DON'T FORGET YOUR ORDERS FOR THE BIOGRAPH ALBUM (SEE INSIDE "BING") UNDERSTOOD THE EARLIER BIOGRAPH (RARE EARLY RECORDINGS) HAS GONE INTO ITS THIRD PRESSING. SALES REMARKABLE SINCE BING'S DEATH ACCORDING TO REPORTS.

BARRY SCHOFIELD, 536 WAKEFIELD RD. DALTON, HUDDERSFIELD, W. YORKS wants to correspond with other members. Has many BING SHOWS on tape for exchange &c.

IAN RIDOUT, 18 LORINA RD., RAMSGATE, KENT - (Tel. 0843 55288) HAS NUMBER OF INTERESTING 78s for SALE/EXCHANGE INCL. PLEASE/HERE LIES LOVE: STARDUST/ICRIED FOR YOU: POOR OLD ROVER/ EL RANCHO GRANDE, MISS YOU/MANDY IS TWO: and others. HAS BING CROSBY MFP 1240 IN GOOD CONDITION AND 2 COPIES "A TIME TO BE JOLLY" FOR SALE, BOTH NEW. PREFER EXCHANGE.

MR. J.R.RISLEY, LANDSCAPE COTTAGE, LANDSCAPE RD. WARLINGHAM, SURREY has large collection of 78s he must dispose of: BRUNS. DECCA. PHILLIPS COLUMBIA CAPITOL REX (BLUE PRELUDE/HOME ON THE RANGE) LONDON as well as some 45s. WRITE FOR LISTS. MANY RARE.

IF YOU ADVT. ISN'T ABOVE WOULD YOU KINDLY REWRITE AND SUBMIT PLEASE?

SUPPLEMENTARY PAGE (ii)

The following offers are available direct from
THE BING CROSBY PHOTO CLUB
32 Ferndale Avenue
Wallsend
Tyne and Wear
NE28 7NE

Please make all remittances payable to Frank Murphy;

BING'S FINAL PALLADIUM CONCERTS
11 supurb colour shots of Bing and friends on-stage plus a magnificent shot of the Palladium f.o.h. with the opening night crowds
Price £4.50 - $10.00

*** ***

Two superb colour shots of Bing size 10 X 8 taken from the inside sleeve of "SEASONS" - No 1 features Bing in evening dress with bow tie - No 2 features Bing with his arms folded and wearing his Cypress Point blazer.
Price £4 - $10.00

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Copies of the 16 page Bing Crosby Tribute by the BIRMINGHAM MAIL (on which we assisted)
Price 30p per single copy OR 2 copies for 45p.
Overseas members send $1.00 per copy. Copies also available from Peter Diffley, 7 Heath Rd., Cale Green, Stockport, Ches.

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The Bing Crosby Photo Montage as sold at the Palladium and the North East Tribute Show on Nov 3rd containing 3 great shots of Bing b/w size 5" X 7" - 50p ($2.00)

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The next North East Tribute to the "Peerless Bing" will be held in Newcastle on Tyne on the last Sunday in March. The venue yet to be decided - the evening will consist of a buffet/records/tapes/photo display etc - if you'd like further information when the venue et has been decided, please send a s.a.e. and you will be advised in due course -
More than 250 fans attended our Nov 3rd event with special guests KEN BARNES. CHRIS HARDING, Polydor and PETER HETHERINGTON, Radio Tyneside Station Director - In view of the growing popularity of our N.E. events please apply early for tickets when our advice arrives;

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The above offers are strictly available only to registered members of THE INTERNATIONAL CROSBY CIRCLE and THE AMERICAN CLUB CROSBY courtesy of THE BING CROSBY PHOTO CLUB:

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